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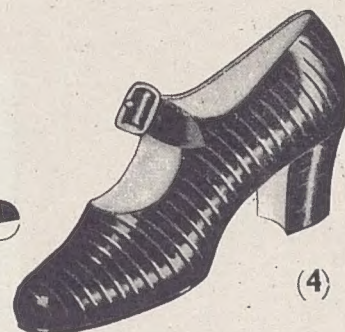
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THE TATLER

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Gilbert Adams

The Duchess of Marlborough

For nearly a year the Duchess of Marlborough has been honorary organiser for Oxfordshire on behalf of the Rural Home Collections department of the Red Cross Agricultural Fund, and has now become its chairman. Besides her Red Cross work she takes an active interest in the establishment of W.V.S. community kitchens in Oxfordshire, and earlier in the war she was Chief Commandant of the W.A.T.S., as the A.T.S. was then called. A daughter of the late Viscount Chelsea, the Duchess married the Tenth Duke of Marlborough in 1920, and they have five children—their second son was born in July, 1940, and numbers the Duke of Kent and Mrs. Winston Churchill amongst his godparents. The Duke of Marlborough, who is a Captain in the Life Guards, was appointed High Steward of Oxfordshire in 1937, and has twice been Mayor of Woodstock, where Blenheim Palace has been the home of the Marlboroughs since its presentation in 1704 to the first Duke, in recognition of his great victory at Blenheim.



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

President's Return Visit

THERE has been a lot of talk about President Roosevelt coming to London to return Mr. Churchill's visit, but this is not likely to happen for a long time. Probably it will not happen until the war is ended. Mr. Churchill could not allow the President to come here at this time. Apart from the Constitutional difficulties which would arise on him leaving American soil, President Roosevelt would be taking unnecessary risks. Nobody can appreciate these risks better than Mr. Churchill. He, therefore, cannot afford to make the President of the United States a hostage to fortune so near the Hun front-line. Hitler would run all manner of risks to make President Roosevelt's visit uncomfortable, to say the least, for he hates the President as much as, or even more than, he hates Mr. Churchill.

Historical Occasion

Nobody would have imagined that within a few short weeks of Japan's sudden attack on the United States and Britain Mr. Churchill would be in Washington addressing members of Congress jointly assembled. The more one thinks of the occasion—and the brilliant speech of the Prime Minister—the more one realises how remarkable a development it was. Mr. Churchill crossed the Atlantic a second time within three months at his own initiative. The President was given a bare few hours' notice of Mr. Churchill's intentions. History alone can tell us the nature of the crossing, the risks that were run, and the new—or are they old?—trends that were set in motion.

Mr. Churchill's decision to embark on the mission must be regarded as a combination of his impetuosity, and his political intuition. None can doubt, however, the value of the contact established at this time, and hereafter. But for President Roosevelt there was always one over-riding concern, Mr. Churchill's safety. Mr. Roosevelt regarded this as his personal responsibility which could only cease with the Prime Minister's arrival back in London.

No Food Shortage

IN Moscow Mr. Anthony Eden experienced only one air raid warning. This was immediately on his arrival, and when he had just sat down to lunch. As soon as the warning was sounded cars suddenly appeared at the door of his hotel, and he was whisked away to an underground shelter where he was given a comfortable waiting-room and refreshments. The warning lasted barely half an hour, when Mr. Eden was returned to his hotel to resume his interrupted meal. Apparently there is no shortage of food in Moscow, nor does the city show as many marks of aerial bombardment as London.

Stalin's Tactics

FROM Moscow M. Stalin directs the war with a remarkable calm and the certain skill of a man whose quietest word is a command. He makes none of the sounds of a dictator. His manner exudes the confidence he feels more than his speech boasts of it. Stalin is matching his wits against Hitler's. Soon after Hitler's rise to power in 1933 Stalin was one of the

first to see in Hitler a menace to European security. Ever since Stalin has played his own hand against Hitler's. Stalin tried to avoid war with Hitler because he didn't trust the democracies. When Hitler launched his attack his plans were ready.

He allowed Hitler's armies to advance. Some people accept the version that Stalin purposely put his least trained and worst equipped troops in the Finnish campaign to fool Hitler. As Hitler's armies went on to Moscow Stalin calculated that the time would come when they would tire. He waited for this. At the moment that the frost appeared and the German motor transport began to meet difficulties, Stalin struck with fresh and better equipped reserves than Hitler possessed.

According to the best estimates it will take Hitler's armies at least two months to re-organise. In these circumstances it remains to be seen whether Hitler will risk another crack at the Russians or seek conquest—and we hope ultimate defeat—elsewhere.

Allied Purpose

OBVIOUSLY we must wait for some time before the full results of the Moscow conference can be joined with the decisions reached between Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt in Washington. The official communique issued by M. Stalin and Mr. Eden was remarkable for its omissions as well as for what it contained. There was no mention of the United States, or of Japan. But Stalin committed himself not only to the utter defeat of *Hitlerite Germany*. He went further and agreed to the adoption of measures to make impossible any repetition of *German aggression*. I think this is highly important, for it means that Soviet Russia intends joining Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt in fashioning a common policy for the prosecution of the war and the stabilisation of peace. When the point is reached that co-ordination of strategy becomes a practical fact M. Stalin will have to declare his attitude towards Japan. The British Government take the view that there can be no useful purpose served in attempting to force M. Stalin's decision in this matter.

War Headquarters

FIRST indication that Washington has become the G.H.Q. of the war against the Axis was Field Marshal Sir John Dill's appointment as Chief of the British Military Mission in Washington. In these circumstances it is possible that Sir John will not take up his Governorship of Bombay towards the middle of the year as appeared to be the original plan. The case of Sir John Dill is similar to that of Sir Archibald Wavell. When Sir Archibald was switched from the Middle East Command to India it was generally believed that he had been sacked. But events are proving the importance of his new command. In my opinion it may prove the key command by which the war will be ended. So the prophets were wrong. In the same way friends of Sir John Dill who imagined he was going to be left kicking his heels until he went to Bombay are also wrong. His is also a key post, for much depends on the smooth working of the military minds in charge of British and United States strategy.

Sir John has the highly polished manner of the competent staff officer; but he's also got a rougher side to bring into action. He's got the advantage of practical experience of mechanised warfare. When summoned to take over as Chief of the Imperial General Staff he was a corps commander in France. The message instructing him to return to London was delayed in reaching him; he was reconnoitring the enemy's dispositions for himself in his own tank.



President Roosevelt Inspects a Red Cross Poster

The American Red Cross War Fund, which aims to raise 50,000,000 dollars, was opened by President Roosevelt, who was shown one of the posters to be used for the campaign. With him were Miss Clare Hobart, Mrs. Hendrich Eustis, assistant director of Volunteer Service, Mr. S. Sloane Colt, national chairman of the fund, Mr. Norman Davis, chairman of the American Red Cross, and Mrs. Dwight Davis.



Lady Patricia Ramsey has Tea with the Canadians

Lady Patricia Ramsey was the guest of honour at a Christmas tea party given by the Lord Mayor to members of the Canadian Forces. A guard of honour was mounted outside the Mansion House by Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. Sir John Laurie, in a speech of welcome to his guests, said that his sister-in-law, the Lady Mayoress, was born in Montreal.



Lord Gorrel Gives a Salver to a Night Fighter Squadron

Lord Gorrel presented a silver salver, inscribed "Defiant—Presented to R.A.F. Squadron," to the acting squadron-leader of a night fighter squadron who have accounted for many enemy raiders over this country. Lord Gorrel is president of the Boulton Paul Aircraft Company, which manufactures the Defiants. A former Under-Secretary of State for Air, he did much before the war to promote interest in civil aviation.

Cabinet Representative

LORD BEAVERBROOK is mentioned as the most likely member of the War Cabinet to sit in Washington on the Supreme War Council of the Allies. This may, or may not, necessitate a change in the present diplomatic representation. Lord Halifax was not particularly anxious to go from the Foreign Office to Washington. He did so at the Prime Minister's urgent request. Although he's found more personal criticism than did his predecessor, the late Lord Lothian, it would be wrong to assume that Lord Halifax hasn't done a good job for his country. I think he has. Therefore Lord Halifax may prefer to be relieved of his enforced sojourn in Washington so that a career diplomat may take over and he can return to London to sit in the War Cabinet. Clearly the creation of a Supreme War Council in Washington will have repercussions on the present make-up of the War Cabinet and other offices. These are matters to which Mr. Churchill will give his attention in the near future.

Hitler's Next Move

THERE is a lot of speculation about Hitler's next move. Although some of the aircraft withdrawn from the Eastern Front have returned to France for reorganisation, a larger force seems to have been sent to Sicily. Here a new German striking power is being assembled. It can be for two purposes. The first to strengthen the defences of Tripoli against the advancing Allied forces, or for a determined assault on Malta.

Hitler's mind may see some psychological aim in attacking Britain's Mediterranean outpost at Malta while the Japanese are seeking to assault Singapore. If there is not a combined plan for this object, Hitler may want the world to think there is. But for other reasons an attack on Malta would interfere with our supply line through this bottle-neck in the Mediterranean. It would reduce Malta's value to us—and danger to the Axis forces—as a bombing base. Expert opinion believes that should Hitler decide to launch an air-borne attack on Malta he is taking on more than he realises. At the same time there



The Princess Royal

The Princess Royal, the King's only sister, is Controller Commandant of the A.T.S., and takes her position very seriously, spending much of her time visiting units of the force stationed in different parts of the country. H.R.H. was one of the first to give a pint of blood for the hospitals when she opened a campaign for blood donors in Yorkshire last year.

are rumours of pending developments in Spain. There are signs—small as yet—that General Franco's hand is finally being forced by Hitler's unrelenting pressure. This would be part of the Malta plan; for by seizing southern Spain and also Spanish Morocco Hitler believes he could command the Mediterranean and cut off our approach to Suez, at the same time improving his own chances of getting there. But there is no doubt that such a move has been foreseen.

Washington and Vichy

THE seizure by Free French forces under Admiral Muselier of the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon has caused dismay in Washington. Apparently Mr. Cordell Hull had reached an agreement with the Canadian Government—about which the Free French leaders knew nothing—that the islands should not be touched. But more than six months ago the islanders appealed to General de Gaulle to take them over as they were supporters of his movement, as the plebiscite showed. Mr. Cordell Hull, however, wishes to maintain his policy of preserving contact with the Vichy Government. The Free French leaders believe that Mr. Cordell Hull is deceiving himself; and Mr. Churchill's lengthy reference to the bad men of Vichy seems to give point to this. But Mr. Cordell Hull is a stubborn man. So are the Free French leaders. Somebody will have to act realistically if further friction is to be avoided.

French Confusion

MEANWHILE, Marshal Pétain's position seems to become more hopeless. One is compelled to admire the bold front he has shown; and the efforts he makes to give the impression that he still controls the destinies of France. The most sinister sign was the German story that the Marshal had resigned in favour of Admiral Darlan. That was sufficient to show the way the wind was veering. But in spite of the heavy German yoke it appears that the French people as a whole are still sharply divided and confused in their outlook. More time must be given them before the spirit of the old France re-asserts itself.

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

Two Films

THERE is nothing on this earth, in the waters beneath, or the sky above, which can keep Miss Jeanette MacDonald from singing. She will sing during an earthquake, in a submarine stranded on the ocean bed, in an aeroplane prior to a crash, and, as like as not, after the crash. But this heroine of the tireless larynx and indefatigable glottis still falls short of the persistence with which Miss Sonja Henie skates. La MacDonald occasionally desists from warbling, whereas I am persuaded Miss Henie goes to bed in her skates.

I FEEL it is only fair to tell the reader that I am the last person to write about skating films. Motion of all sorts I hold in abhorrence, and if I consent to be driven seventy miles an hour it is only because I hope to be better occupied at B than at A, and because the greater the speed the shorter the boring journey. As for people who like driving at seventy miles an hour for the sake of the speed, I have to confess that I just don't understand them. I abominate walking, and would not run a hundred yards in ten seconds even if I could. It would not give me the faintest pleasure to be the world's champion skater.

The foregoing applies with even greater force to ski-ing. As a schoolboy I could not bear sliding or tobogganing, in both of which you begin something you cannot stop. In other words you commit yourself to the irrevocable, and in so doing let your fate out of your hands. This is repugnant to me. Add my fear of heights, and you will

understand how perfectly unfitted I am to criticise *Sun Valley Serenade* (London Pavilion), which is all about skating and ski-ing.

ON the other hand I can get great pleasure out of watching Miss Henie for, say five minutes. Her presence on a frozen lake does a minimum of harm to the scenery, and she is reasonably graceful. The skaters tell me that what she does is difficult, and I can see she does it very well. What I cannot understand is that having risen on the point of one skate and twiddled round some hundred and fifty times, she should want to keep on doing this. The teetotum effect on me is entirely hypnotic, with the result that at the trade show I went to sleep. When I woke up a band of the kind I like least was making horrid noises with muted saxophones. However, Miss Henie twiddled me to sleep again, and I re-awoke to find myself attending to a love story of inconceivable inanity, from which I was again rescued by the skatress.

When I awoke for the last time it was to see somebody at the Ministry of Information demonstrating, by means of maps and little tickets, the extent to which Japan holds the trumps. However, I had taken the precaution of enlisting the help of a young friend who, adoring musicals and skating mad, would be the ideal critic for a picture like this. He told me that every moment of *Sun Valley Serenade* had enchanted him, especially the dancing of the Nicholas Brothers, who, I am afraid, happened while I was asleep.

LYDIA (Odeon) is a film that all women will like. The heroine is a crystallisation of the changeability which that misguided sex regards as the secret of their fascination, though it is only fair to the deluded creatures to lay some of the blame for this error on to the shoulders of the poets. Shakespeare began it with the charter he handed Rosalind, giving her leave to be "changeable, longing and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something and for no passion truly anything." Leave to like her lover and then loathe him, entertain and forswear him, weep for him, and then spit at him.

Other poets put it more politely. There is that quivering-aspen nonsense of Scott about the woman who is coquette one minute and a hospital nurse the next. But while poetry remains at her own high level, femininity has degenerated, so that the high-mettled and well-bred Rosalind of the Elizabethans has become the irritating, common little baggage that we know as Scarlett O'Hara and her like.

LYDIA is another Scarlett. She keeps three men dangling on a string, her excuse for not marrying any of them being that she is six Lydias, at once vain and serious, absurd and sincere, good and bad. A fourth man woos her, but not honourably, and to him she yields and is abandoned in a fortnight, but without the slapping that would have let daylight into her.

Nevertheless, it is here that whoever put this picture together has his moment of perception. Though Lydia does not perceive it, it is the caddishness in her lover which appeals to a similar quality in her own make-up. For all the Lydias and Scarlett, did they but know it, deserve that name with which Jonathan Wild qualified his ever-loving Laetitia.

"CIRCUMSTANCES of great improbability," said Fielding, "often escape Men who devour a Story with ready Ears." It would be an unlucky thing for the makers of screen plays if this were not so. That Lydia can be a society fibbertigibbet one minute and an angel of light ministering to blind children the next, and merge both into an Orphan of the Storm driven on to the breast of a wandering sailor, is just incredible. Or perhaps it would take a Katharine Hepburn at her best to ensure belief. Unfortunately Miss Merle Oberon has not the acting power to stand up to Lydia. She has two expressions only, one grave and one gay, in a range extending from the playful to the petulant. As, however, she rings the changes on some scores of frocks her performance will no doubt be greatly admired. But I beg the management to cut that shot which shows a white Leghorn hat and one eye.

SINCE the picture is a Korda production it goes without saying that there are many happy touches. The story is all told by Lydia as an old lady by means of throwbacks which start admirably. These show how far the reality of glamorous youth falls short of her recollections of it. But this is not kept up, and there are long reaches of wholly uninspired matter before we come to the film's last and best moment; that in which the sailor, now a sea captain and settled down, fails to recognise or even remember the girl he seduced some forty years earlier.

But, as I say, Lydia will probably stir the hearts of all women filmgoers who will not realise what a chump she is. Being six women in one she should surely make the best possible use of six worlds. Actually she only makes use of one, for a fortnight.



A Film Engagement: Welles—del Rio

Beautiful Mexican film-star Dolores del Rio is engaged to Orson Welles, the American stage and radio showman. He was author-producer of "Citizen Kane," recently shown in London, in which he played the chief role. They are to be married as soon as Dolores' divorce is complete. Her former husband was Cedric Gibbons, the film art director

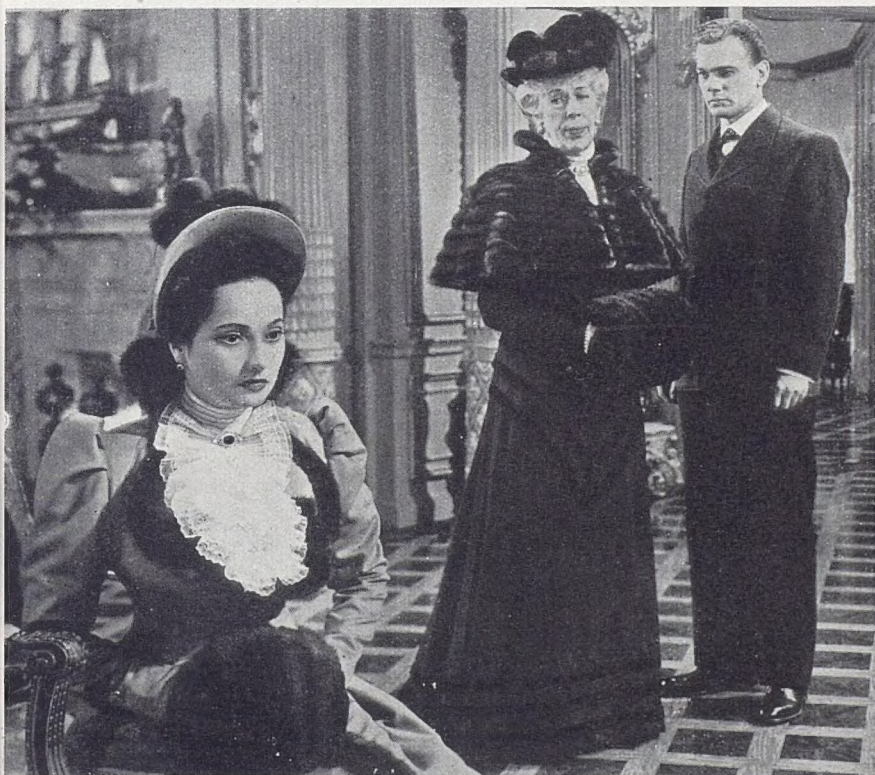
Four Men and a Girl

Alexander Korda Presents Merle Oberon as "Lydia," Directed by Julian Duvivier at the Odeon, Leicester Square, This Week

Lydia, daughter of Boston's most noted family, the Macmillans, is a spoiled, selfish, tempestuous young woman of great beauty. Her favours are eagerly sought after, but Lydia's design for living does not include marriage. Three men lay their hearts at her feet. Michael, a successful doctor, Bob, a football hero and night club owner, and Frank, a brilliant young pianist who is blind. Lydia accepts their offerings, but it is to Richard that Lydia gives her heart. For two weeks Lydia and Richard share life and love and happiness. Then Richard sails away giving Lydia a taste of the suffering she herself has caused to others. Why did not Lydia marry Michael or Bob or Frank? They themselves cannot fathom the reason. "I am six Lydias at once," the heroine excuses herself, "vain and serious, absurd and sincere, good and bad"



Frank (Hans Yaray). Brilliant, blind pianist Frank comes to the home for blind children established by Lydia to teach music. The children love him. He loves Lydia. But Lydia's thoughts at this time are with Michael, far away in Cuba fighting in the Spanish-American War (Frank plays Christmas carols for the blind children)



Bob (George Reeves). At her first ball, to which Lydia goes with Michael, Bob, the local football hero, intervenes. Lydia is infatuated with him, even though he incurs the wrath of Granny Macmillan by getting drunk and coming to her home to re-enact a football scene in the living-room. Bob and Lydia plan to elope—but Bob gets drunk once too often. (Merle Oberon and George Reeves)

Michael (Joseph Cotten). Son of the Macmillan's butler, Fitzpatrick, and now a successful doctor, Michael returns from the war to the waiting arms of Lydia. Lydia thinks that she loves Michael—until she meets Richard, a dashing young philanderer who sweeps her off her feet. (Merle Oberon, Edna May Oliver as Granny Macmillan, and Joseph Cotten)

Richard (Alan Marshal). At last Lydia falls in love. Richard is her man. She takes him to Macmillansport, the island home of the Macmillans. But her happiness is short-lived. After two weeks, Richard sails away and Lydia's love-world crashes down around her. (Merle Oberon and Alan Marshal)



The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Gangway (Palladium)

THE Vic-Wells Ballet is back at the New. On their opening night they gave *Casse-Noisette*, in which, I am told, and I can well believe it, Margot Fonteyn's dancing as the Sugar-Plum Fairy was a dream of precision. Unfortunately, on that opening night, I went instead to the Palladium to see *Gangway*, having so often written about the Vic-Wells Ballet, but about *Gangway* never; and to the Palladium you too will go if you desire an evening of dirt, dirt in full measure and slopping over.

A fellow-critic has told me that if I dislike a show for being a dirty show, I should not say in print that it is a dirty show, because everybody will then rush to see it; but it seems to me that it is hardly the business of a critic to keep secrets (which is tantamount to telling stories), and that you cannot mislead people into the light.

A few evenings previously I had been to see the second edition of *Rise Above It* at the Comedy. Should I make a secret of the fact that *Rise Above It* differs from *Gangway* in being a grubby rather than a dirty show? The new version of the Ensa Concert Party is really good fooling, but too often that brilliant artist, Hermione Baddeley, reminds us that she does not know where to stop what she should never have begun. Immeasurably the funniest thing now in this show is, I think, a new song sung by Hermione Gingold and entitled "Please Let Me Give You My Autograph." It is a classic of its kind and might have made even Ella Wheeler Wilcox chortle.

BUT *Gangway*. How well it started! The introduction was smart and Tommy Trinder began irresistibly at the microphone, chiding late-comers, admonishing those already in their seats with such remarks as "No individual laughing, please!" and assuring us that if we thought we were going to see a west end show we were very much mistaken—we were going to see a provincial show and like it. Although, were Hercules set to cleaning out the Palladium stable, Mr. Trinder would

give him more trouble than any one else, here are good gifts and possibilities. "Never," says Mr. Trinder in an undressing scene, "was so much shown to so many by so few for so little." If one feels that there are times when somebody should read the Riot Act, he certainly is a riot.

BEBE DANIELS and Ben Lyon are less a riot than an amiable, good-humoured pair whose amiability and good-humour alternate now with the sensational dancing of Rosita and Lamar, now with the sentimental ballad-singing of Anne Ziegler and Webster Booth.

The essential Bebe and the essential Ben elude me. Ben acts as compère to a Chinese sketch in which "Use Your Imagination" is the timely refrain. Bebe delivers a lecture on the female body with a lay figure which is internally and uniquely lit by electric bulbs, manipulated by Mr. Trinder. This, I think, the most revolting, most disgusting,



Wisecracking partnership with a new sparkle. Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels live up to their reputation

most nauseating, most degrading, most repulsive sketch I have ever seen twice (for it was done by Flanagan and Allen in *Top Of The World*) or even once. And it is at this point that the amiability and good humour of Miss Daniels should surely have given place to fury and indignation and a firm refusal to descend, or assist in descending, to the depths of vulgarity plumbed by this most lamentable exhibition.

It must, by the way, have been at just about this time of night that Margot Fonteyn was dancing the Sugar-Plum Fairy in the Vic-Wells Ballet at the New.

FOR the rest, there are the girls of the chorus, numerous, well selected and excellently trained; and Teddy Brown, as natural as life and twice as large; and a sketch in which two members of the audience (or are they?) are inveigled on to the stage to perform an intimate sketch already performed by professionals (another old friend this); and, for real novelty, a song about London, saying it's nice. But perhaps two songs about London, saying it's nice, one in each part, would have been more novel still.



One man show—to say nothing of the xylophone. The maestro shows no sign of rationing hardship as yet. (Teddy Brown.)



(Left) Cockney good humour makes a discovery. Tommy Trinder finds in Roberta Huby a match for his own wit and charm

Sketches by
Tom Titt

(Right) Ballad singers Webster Booth and Anne Ziegler sing old favourites - to - be. Scenic and lighting effects give their numbers a magnificent background





Anne Ziegler and Webster Booth, another husband-and-wife partnership, sing some old favourites. "So Deep is the Night," which is sometimes called "Tristesse" and is based on a Chopin theme, has one of the most beautiful settings of the show

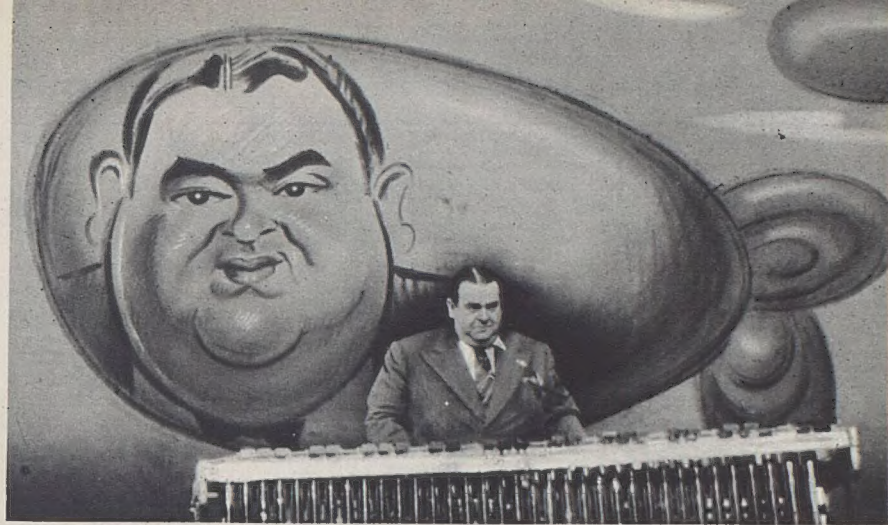
Gangway for Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon, Tommy Trinder

George Black's Musical Smile at the Palladium

Photographs by Royce



Tommy Trinder is a riot of Cockney good humour throughout the show. His laugh is infectious. You may not always approve of his humour, but you cannot resist his laughter. Here he is seen in one of his more serious moments singing "My Mother Would Love You" with Roberta Huby



Was Teddy Brown really the inspiration for the barrage balloon? Teddy is as popular as ever, his xylophone as tuneful, and once again a delighted audience compete for the privilege of learning the maestro's art under his direction on miniature instruments and giant bells



"Never was so much shown to so many by so few for so little," wisecracks Tommy Trinder as he strips Kim Kendall, piece by piece, of her beautiful gown. Kim measures 6 ft. 2½ ins. in her stockings. She must be the tallest show girl in town. She walks elegantly on and off the stage throughout the show, nonchalantly exhibiting an envy-creating profusion of lovely clothes

Bebe and Ben tell each other a few home truths in "You Annoy Me So." Husband and wife in private life, Bebe and Ben are two great-hearted Americans who have proved their love for this country many times. Bebe loves London. "There's Something About That Town" she sings to Noel Gay's music



Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

In the House of Commons

THE Polish Cabinet was entertained for the first time in the House of Commons, and representatives of it were met by Mr. G. le Mander, M.P., vice-chairman of the Anglo-Polish Parliamentary Group, and Captain Alan Graham and Colonel Mitchell, members of the executive committee. Others there were Mr. Richard Law, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Cruikshank, Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury, Lord Mansfield, Lord Vansittart, Lord Barnby, Lord Strabolgi, Lord Winterton, Lady Astor, Mr. Vernon Bartlett, Sir Robert Bird, Sir John Power, and many other distinguished members of the Houses of Commons and Lords.

Comforts for Russia

THE chairman of the Comforts Fund for Women and Children of Soviet Russia is Mrs. Henry Martin, who started the Fund, the first and only one of its kind, last October. Since then enormous quantities of warm garments and blankets have been sent out to the people whose scorched-earth policy means not only the destruction of all their belongings, but of the factories and all means of replacing them, so that the need is desperate, and is likely to continue to be so. Besides quantities of gifts in kind, much money has been collected, including very large donations from the various Allied Governments. This money is spent on clothes and blankets through the Consulate, as for export, thus avoiding the coupon problem, and ensuring their dispatch to the Soviet within a day of purchase. Work is going on at high pressure to get as much as possible dispatched before the middle of January, and the need for contributions, which should be sent to Mrs. Martin, Hyde Park Hotel, is urgent.

The Fund is under the patronage of Mme. Maisky, who is actively interested in it; Lady Emily Lutyns is president, Lady

Mary Murray and Lady Cohen vice-presidents; the Duchess of Atholl, Lady Listowel and Dame Sybil Thorndike sponsors, and Lord Horder is hon. treasurer.

King George's Fund

THERE was a concert in aid of this Fund at the Albert Hall, which the Duke of Kent (president of the fund) attended. It cares for the dependants of officers and men of the Royal Navy, Merchant Navy, and fishing fleets, and Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, made a speech.

Massed bands of the Royal Marines played; Eileen Joyce played Grieg; George Formby, with Gerald's Orchestra, played his banjo and put himself across; John Gielgud recited Masefield's sea-poems; Reginald Foort played the organ, and Naval ratings from H.M.S. Collingwood sang sea-shanties under the direction of Captain F. Vivian Dunn.

Kreisler's Goddaughter

A SMALL new member of the musical world—anyhow, until she is old enough to decide for herself which world she'll belong to—is Maria Teresa Benedicta Elisabeth Beer, daughter of Sidney Beer, the conductor, and goddaughter of Fritz Kreisler. "Mitzi" was born a month or two ago, and was christened just before Christmas at St. James's, Spanish Place. Her aunt, Lady Malet, from whom she takes her third name, and Lord Carnarvon are her other godparents.

"Mitzi's" father and mother were married in Paris early in the autumn of 1939. Mrs. Beer is young, tall, fair, and as attractive and music-loving as only an Austrian can be. She and her sister are the daughters of Baron Wilhelm von Maasberg.

Lady Malet became English by marriage two or three years before her younger sister. Her husband, Major Sir Edward Malet, is now serving in Libya.

Off the Track

SIDNEY BEER has an interesting series of Saturday afternoon concerts this winter with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, and is playing a number of works which are off the hard-beaten track of concert-goers. For example, the charming but seldom heard Chausson Symphony in B flat was given before Christmas, and works by Shostakovich (a symphony), Prokofiev ("Peter and the Wolf"), and Bloch will have their first English performances in the next month or two.

Another first performance in London at a Beer concert was that of William Walton's "Scapino" Overture, which Walton conducted himself. Scapino, who belongs to the Commedia dell'Arte, is an inconsequent chatterbox, fickle, mischievous and evasive: Walton's music is a delightful piece of character drawing, full of wit and vitality, and not at all overshadowed by the London air raids of last winter, in the middle of which it was composed.

Christmas-Tree Party

LONDON balletomanes can pick and choose at the moment, what with the English (Sadler's Wells) company, the English-Polish company, and the English-Russian (Kyasht dancers). Not to mention all the pantomime ballets, which are not to be despised: didn't Ninette de Valois herself make her childish debut in pantomime?

The Anglo-Polish ballet gave its friends a gay Christmas-tree party on the stage of the St. James's Theatre, just before their season opened. From a dress-circle door it looked as if a real ballet was being performed, with girls in national Polish dress moving in and out among the guests under the warm golden lighting, and in front of the glittering tree.

Eating, drinking and talking were Sir George and Lady Franckenstein, who were also at the Boxing Day evening performance—which marked the 500th performance of the company in little over a year—Lady Snowden, Sir William Crawford, Mr. Edwin Evans, the critic, who was one of Diaghileff's advisers and collaborators in London; and a host of M.P.s interested in Poland, the ballet, or both.

Mr. D. R. Grenfell, the Secretary for Mines, makes time to see ballet whenever he can, and was at the party, and so were Sir Robert Young, M.P., and Lady Young, Sir Harold Webb, M.P., and Mr. Alfred Bossom, M.P., among many others.

A Dinner-Party at the Lansdowne and Some of Those Present

H.H. Prince Cröy and Miss Ghislaine Dresselhuys had dinner recently at the Lansdowne. She is Lady Kemsley's daughter by her first marriage to Mr. Cornelius Dresselhuys. The Lansdowne, like most other London restaurants, is well patronised every night of the week, including Sundays

Mr. Dupree, Mrs. Nicholas Durham, and Viscount Anson sat together at the dinner-table. Lord Anson is the elder son and heir of the Earl of Lichfield, and is a Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards. Mr. Dupree's niece, Mary Marcella Dupree, married Mr. T. P. Lawrence a short time ago (see page 26)

Swaebe

Swaebe



From Players' to Nut House

At the Players' Theatre Club there is a delightful Christmas pantomime, *Dick Whittington*, followed by a harlequinade, with old favourites like Archie Harradine, Joan Sterndale Bennett, Joan Gates, and Joanna Horder performing. The pantomime is full of ridiculous, ghastly rhymes and puns, and is adapted from *Whittington and His Cat*, by Mr. H. J. Byron (1862), and *Whittington Junior and His Sensation Cat*, by Mr. R. Reece (1870).

We went on to the Nut House, and arrived early, to find an astonishingly clear atmosphere, almost like a country day before rain, instead of the cotton-wool thick substance in which people's faces float later on. Mr. Al Burdett sings funny rude songs more funnily than anyone about, and compères the semi-nudes who make up the rest of the cabaret. Probably because of Christmas, it was less crowded than usual, and the only familiar faces were Miss Hermione Baddeley's welcome one, Mr. Edward Cooper's, Miss Mae Murray's—she looked particularly attractive—with Mr. Leslie Arliss, his pretty wife, and Mr. Norman Smart.

New Stuff

"RISE ABOVE IT" had a first night for its new edition, but lots of the dear old items remain. It was sad not to have the one where Hermione Baddeley, in Chinese clothes, was visited by Walter Crisham dressed as a sailor, and "English Ladies Oughtn't to Swing" was a loss, too; but Hermione Gingold made a foul and very funny ghost, and a bygone Ascot with Hermione Baddeley and Henry Kendall was well worth raking up.

There didn't seem to be any special celebrities in the audience—Hermione Baddeley's sixteen-year-old daughter, in a box with Sir John Philipps, was enjoying herself.

Another night I went to *The Morning Star*, and found it a bit of an ordeal, very intense without quite bringing off anything important, and gummed up with rather creepy exploitation of air-raid stoicism.

Good Goings On

THE Y.M.C.A. have opened a Leave Hostel at Shrewsbury, and Lady Lichfield, president of the Y.M.C.A. Women's Auxiliary, Midland Area, made a speech. A Christmas bazaar was opened in the crypt

of St. Mary Magdalene's, Holloway, by Miss Thelma Cazalet, M.P., in aid of Church work overseas and parish aid, and in Staffordshire, Lady Dorothy Meynell, local president of the Red Cross, spoke at Hallam Hospital on the qualities that nursing demands. The occasion was the presenting of prizes to nurses for efficiency in various branches of their profession.

Gay Party

MRS. ROWLAND RANK's parties for the Navy, Army and R.A.F. stationed in the neighbourhood of her country house are always popular, and there was a spontaneous Christmas spirit at the last one, to which the boys rolled up en masse, including Colonel Graham, Baron Mundin, a Belgian in the R.A.F., and, among the D.F.C.'s and George Crosses, Flt.-Lieut. Fitzgerald, D.F.C., and Flt.-Lieut. Robert Douglas, George Cross.

Mrs. Rank's two daughters, Mrs. Robert Ullman and Mrs. Charles Compton, were there, but her son did not get Christmas leave. Nor did Charles Compton, who is in the Navy, but on a shore job at the moment. Her younger son was at home, but is not yet grown up—though at the present rate of conscription that will soon cease to mean immunity from National Service, and toddlers will have to man shops and Ministries, releasing their elders for more strenuous duties. After all, the saying "a four-year-old child could do it" is applied to almost everything.

Late Date

OUT dancing one night were Mr. Jimmy Taylor-Whitehead, in the Somerset Light Infantry, and his attractive fiancée from Luxembourg, Miss Jaques Filbig, who has real silvery blonde hair, and who was wearing a long, silvery skirt and scarlet velvet blouse, beautifully made by herself. Her sister is married to Mr. Roger Taylor-Whitehead, her fiancé's brother, and the family live down in Somerset, in the Blackmore Vale country, where they are neighbours of Major and Mrs. Geoffrey Phipps-Hornby, and Mr. and Mrs. Nuttall, of Hazelgrove, all hunting addicts before the war.

Owing to a confusion of names, Mme. Mussier, seen in a photograph on page 416 of our December 17th issue, at the Exhibition and Sale of dolls and toys in aid of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families' Association, was wrongly described as Mme. Muselier, wife of the National Commissioner to the Free French Navy and Merchant Navy. We apologise to both ladies for this mistake, which we very much regret.

Cigarettes and Conversation at the Lansdowne

In a party at the Lansdowne recently were Viscountess Anson and the Hon. Richard Stanley, one of Lord Derby's grandsons. Lady Anson was Miss Anne Ferelith Bowes-Lyon before her marriage in 1938. Lord and Lady Anson have a son aged three, to whom the Queen is godmother, and the King is godfather to their daughter, born last June

Sveaeb



Marcus Adams

The Countess of Haddington and Her Daughter

A son and heir was born to the Earl and Countess of Haddington on December 21st, at Mellerstain, Gordon, Berwickshire. Lord Haddington, who was for a time on the Staff of the Governor-General of Canada, married Miss Sarah Cook, of Montreal, in 1923, and they have a daughter, Mary, aged seven

**Lady Lampson and Her Son**

Lady Lampson's son was born last September in Cairo, where this photograph was taken. She was Miss Jacqueline Castellani, daughter of Sir Aldo Castellani, before her marriage in 1934 to Sir Miles Lampson, now British Ambassador in Egypt. He has a son and two daughters by his first wife



Mrs. John Moffat



Mrs. Paravicini and Mrs. Peznik

The Toast of Manhattan

LEONORA CORBETT, who glides through *Blithe Spirit* accenting Peggy Wood's faultless projection of the too, too solid Ruth, was mentioned more often in the notices than "Null Card" himself. Her looks, poise and dry humour "off" have captured the flippant elements in this burg, who are mighty hard to please, and almost impossible to impress. Everyone wants to give parties for her, to photograph her statuesque, yet lush appearance, and generally to "have her around," as they say. Practical, sunny and punctilious, she will not lose that beguiling, so-English head.

Stars in Their Seats

GILBERT MILLER agrees with me that Sir Cedric Hardwicke would have been delightful as the husband; Clifton Webb is frankly bad, and I doubt if New York's Mme. Arcati reaches the same astral plane as Margaret Rutherford. The audience at one of the innumerable war charity benefits included Lady Mendl, with the President's great friend, Harry Hooker (whose former wife, Countess Apponyi, escaped from Hungary and is sharing a house in South Africa with Lady Mary Walker); Mr. Hoover, who was President; Mr. Willkie, who nearly was, and still may be; Elsa Maxwell, whose "Party Line" is syndicated in several hundred newspapers; "Willie" Maugham, whose *Theatre*, dramatised by Guy Bolton, differs widely from the novel, except in its essential vulgarity (but he got a lot of brass for it, so to Hades with Art); and Conde Nast, at whose cocktail-party for Virginia Cowles most women had antimacassars on their heads, as if picked off somebody's Victorian chairs; and veteran *Vogue*-ist, Frank Crowninshield, had congratulations on his compendious article about the abodes of the Vanderbilts. Meanwhile, "Mrs. Neely" is back at 640, Fifth Avenue, the mansion which gives as many farewells as a prima donna. Generations of titled English visitors whose hotel it had been must hope that "Her Grace" never really moves out.

Last Pre-War Letter from New York

By Pamela Murray

Mrs. Moffat is an energetic worker for Bundles for Britain. Every afternoon she is on shopgirl duty at the Park Avenue branch of the Society

Gloria Vanderbilt, American heiress to £2,000,000, was married on December 28th to 32-years-old Pat Di Cicco, Hollywood actors' agent, at the historic old Indian mission church at Santa Barbara, California. The bride, who is seventeen, was married in the presence of her mother, Mrs. Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, and 250 guests



Gloria Vanderbilt and Her Husband at the Stork Club

Two more bundlers for Britain are Mrs. Vincent Paravicini and Mrs. Peznik, of the London Czech colony. Mrs. Paravicini was formerly Liza Maugham, daughter of Mr. Somerset Maugham

The Wonderful Wookey

ANOTHER persistently packed house is the Plymouth Theatre, where American playwright F. H. Brennan has a realistic play of London under bombers. *The Wookey* is creating enormous—though not yet personal—interest. London actor Edmund Gwenn gives the performance of his life as the Wookey, a male "Tugboat Annie" whose East End family life, grievances agin the Government, disapproval of the conduct of the war, excursions to Dunkirk, behaviour in the "blitz" and amid personal tragedy (his wife, beautifully played by Norah Howard, is killed in the wrecking of their home, a scene introduced by a genuine sound-track made during the "worst"), provide material for a well-knit and wonderfully moving play, splendidly acted by a large, mainly British cast. It hits just the right note, without false sentiment or heroics.

From Dead End to East End

THE children of University Settlement on the lower East Side of New York are sending an ambucycle and vitamin concentrates to the children of London's East End, by means of a "drive" to which they contribute pennies (cents) and nickels (five cents)—a very real sacrifice. Modelled fifty-five years ago on a London institution of the early 'eighties, the Settlement aims to keep the children off the tenement-bordered streets. Incidentally, it is one of Gertrude Lawrence's many good interests. She has voiced the feelings of most Americans towards Finland by regretfully turning down a medal offered by the Finnish Government in recognition of her relief activities in the first Russo-Finnish war. "There are few things I would rather have than a medal from these brave, simple folk, and it makes me sad that I must refuse an offer made in their name, but in reality made by a Government which is now the vassal of Nazi Germany."

Ski-ers' Annual Delight

WHEN Arnold Lunn reached New York, after seven interesting months in England and Spain, he found this cable from ace-skier son Peter, a Gunner officer in Malta, whose wife (aunt of baby Lord Gormanston residing in this country) has had a second child between air raids: "Daughter comma alarmingly like you." This should be produced in the next *British Ski Year Book*. The 1941 issue is an "in spite of" achievement, compiled for every Alpine enthusiast, from the nursery-sloper to

the champ. "Arni" on his tour of American ski-ing resorts, and Walter Amstutz's letter from St. Moritz, will make many of you as nostalgic as they do me. We snowmen have a lot to fall back on, one way and another, and the great thing about this *Year Book* is that it keeps survivors in touch with each other, and with the unparalleled relief of chinwagging about winter sports.

League Ball with Bundles

THE grand (very) ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, hung with flags of the International Code, the Stars and Stripes, and the Union Jack, housed the Navy Ball attended by twelve hundred, including high-up American N.O.s, and some of ours headed by Rear-Admiral Henry Pott (who came from Washington to make a speech which was drowned by the rattle of supper, the "mike" having stalled), Captain Arthur Marsden, of the Navy League (whose speech was made under equally trying circumstances, the cabaret having bogged the schedule, as always at charity balls), and Engineer-Commander S. J. Armstrong, who had been celebrating with Robert Bingham, English son of the last American Ambassador but one. His stepmother, Mrs. Robert Worth Bingham, was in the next box to Mrs. John G. Winant. Nearly every woman wore something blue, Mrs. Wales Latham emulating Vivien Leigh as Lady Hamilton in angry sea-blue slipper satin.

E. M. Delafield's "Cousin"

ANOTHER charmer was courtly General J. R. Delafield, whose lean, six-feet-four looked well in uniform. Descending from an eleventh-century Norman family, which migrated via England and Ireland, he admired the novelist so much that when she came here some years ago, the Delafields got together with the clever lady, who adopted their name as nearest to her patronymic—de la Pasture—and it was mutually decided that they would be "cousins" henceforth. Also present: author Cecil Roberts, Admiral McNamee, U.S.N. (Ret.) (who could not be more Irish nor more heartily for us), Commander Jacobs (representing Secretary Knox), and British Consul W. H. Le Gallienne, who is no relation to the distinguished actress whose poet father adopted the name, which reminds me of a popular American chestnut. Kelly, née Rosenbaum, applies to change his name to MacGregor. The official asks why. "Vell, Sir, ven dey ask vat my name was before it vas MacGregor, I vant to be able to say it vas Kelly."

Zorina and The Turtle

A Norwegian Ballerina and her pet
"Speedy" at her Beverly Hills Home

When Vera Zorina moved into her new home in Beverly Hills, she found it already occupied by a turtle. The turtle is now a most popular member of the family and is known as "Speedy." Once a star of the Ballet Russe, Zorina first came to England as Brigitta (her real name is Brigitte Hardwicke), danced for a time with Dolin, then went to America and was engaged by de Basil for his company. In 1937 she accepted her first musical-comedy offer, and appeared in London in *On Your Toes*. From musical comedy, Zorina went into films, and with her first talking picture, *The Goldwyn Follies*, made such an impression that she was immediately signed up on a ten-year contract. In her latest picture, *Louisiana Purchase*, a Technicolor version of the Broadway musical hit, Zorina plays feminine lead opposite Bob Hope



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

DUD British generals in the Boer War were stellenbosched, or sent to Stellenbosch (so Nanny tells us). Dud French generals in World War I. were limogés, or sent to Limoges. There is no word, as yet, for the act of de-gumming generals and other warriors of mark in World War II., though a perfect salvo of big brasshats has been fired lately by the combatant nations.

Unable to feel more than a tempered admiration for the French Revolution, we nevertheless admire its tonic way with the brasshats. When the young First Republic was fighting for life, its more blockish generals, like Custine, were guillotined and the others warned simultaneously that their heads were coming off if they failed, which was a great encouragement. Some were tried beforehand by civilian judges who knew less, if possible, of the military situation than they did, and underwent long, boring trials in which everybody concerned was in a perfect fog of muddle and desperation, like a film conference. The net result was that the Republic survived.

This discipline is now outmoded, quite apart from the fact, as somebody has remarked, that it's out of the question to shoot an Old Harrovian; but there might be a judicious compromise. The dud private soldier stays in the firing line, the dud

officer is, or was, removed to a safer job. It would seem more equitable to form duds and nitwits of all ranks henceforth into a kind of Military Brains Trust Corps behind the line. They'd give their rulings and the Staff would know that the exact opposite was about right.

Japonaiserie

KNOWING nothing of Japanese music and literature, an authority has remarked, the Island Race does or did know quite a lot about Japanese art, thanks to the boom of the 1880's, due to Whistler.

A musician once explained to us why Japanese music does not sound to the Japanese like lovesick mice in the wainscot, but most of his talk of mode and scale and tone escaped us. (Chinese music is much easier to appreciate, especially that produced, for example, by hitting a hollow wooden duck with a gongstick.) Not being a literary critic with the *Encyclopædia Britannica* at our elbow, we can't stun you with our deep knowledge of Japanese Literature, but to anybody who has ever read those little poems—quoted by Reuter in the papers—with which the Emperor wins first prize at the annual national poetry competitions, Japanese verse doesn't seem



"Remember, old man, every strato-nimbus has a silver lining"

terribly difficult, and runs seemingly invariably more or less on these lines:

The fleecy snow is cold on Fujiyama
And when a woman
Does not love a samurai
It is not so hot for him either.

Limpid, delicate, decorative, but essentially unsubtle, unless we err stinkingly.

Gift

THAT gift of six months' supply of rice and other cereals which the Governor of Penang left behind for the Japanese was more delightful to the invaders, "Q" Department than a twenty-four-hour shower of cherryblossom and old fans, we guess, seeing what a handful of rice represents to the Japanese soldier (about a day's full British Army peacetime ration, including meat and two veg., we're told).

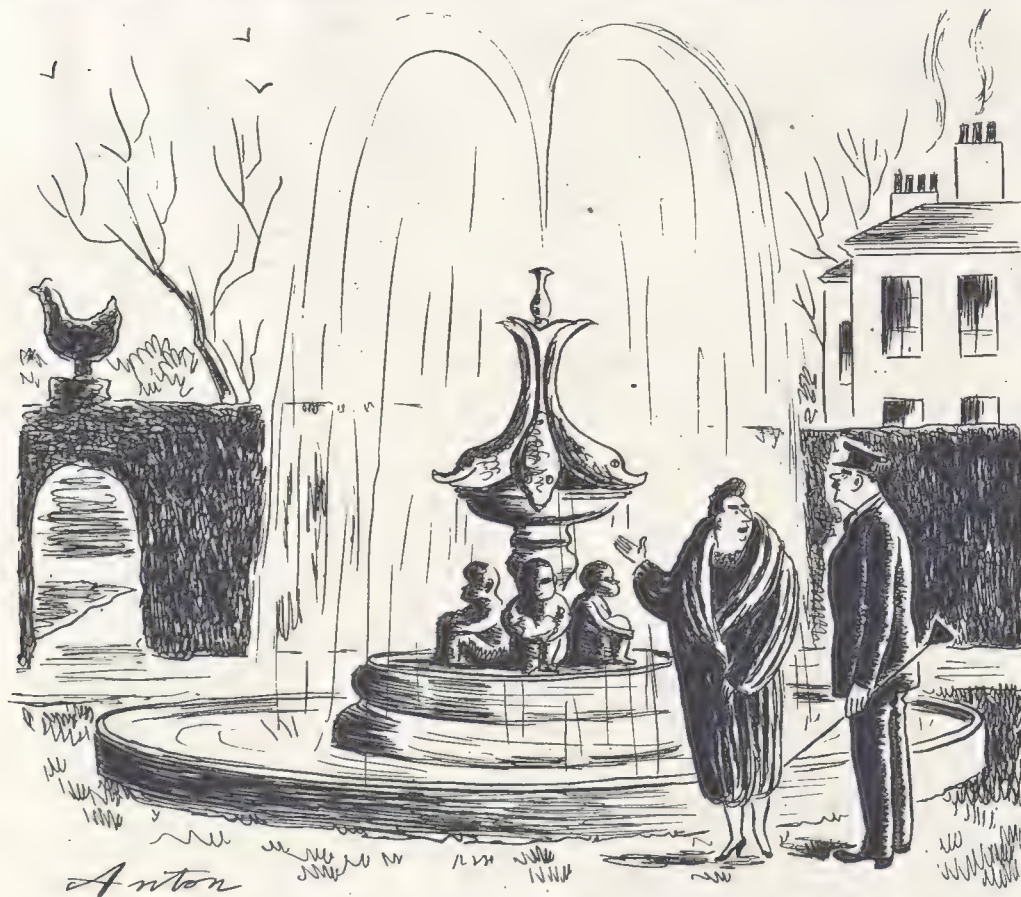
About the only similarly pleasing and useful gift we can think of in military history is the fruit and ice which the Spanish Governor of Lerida sent to his French besiegers in 16-something. It was rather a graceful occasion altogether. Monsieur's troops had occupied their trenches before the city in broad daylight, cocking a snook and preceded by a platoon of fiddlers who continued to play gay and pleasing airs till a strong Spanish midnight sortie gave the French a change of music and after a fierce set-to cleared them out. Next day the Governor's emissary arrived at Monsieur's H.Q. with his refreshing present, accompanied by a courteous note saying the Spaniards had vastly enjoyed the French serenade and could stand and return as much more of it as *ces Messieurs* pleased. Greatly piqued, Monsieur broke up the siege and retired.

Less courteous and less useful, from a military standpoint, was the Dauphin's gift to Henry V. before Agincourt (Act I., Sc. II.), a slightly improper jest which we would not dream of repeating here.

Blonde

IF we may say so without appearing to poke our finely-carved snuzzle into James ("Boss") Agate's department, God forbid, the Hollywood version of Dunkirk, featuring Betty Grable, seems to us curiously restrained. Miss (? Mrs.) Grable doesn't actually fly a Spitfire over the beaches. Her modest role is merely to set the impressionable R.A.F. by the ears between raids.

The Min. of Information film boys, as we happen to know, are aching to feature a



"This has nothing to do with the Metropolitan Water Board—this is an oil well"

Anglo-Polish Ballet at the St. James'

M. Jan Cobel's Repertoire Includes Three New Ballets



*The leaders of the ballet.
Alicja Halama and Cz. Konarski*

The Anglo-Polish ballet is composed mainly of artistes from the National Ballet who escaped from Warsaw after the fall of Poland. Those who reached this country in safety formed themselves into a company with the object of carrying on the tradition, and preserving the spirit, of their national art. Three new ballets will be introduced during the season. *Pan Twardowski*, based on Polish legends with traditional airs and sixteenth-century style decor by the Polish artist Kanelba; *Polonia*, which is modern, and reflects Poland's struggle in the present war; and *Bolero*, a novelty of Spanish inspiration with music by Ravel, produced by George Kirsta and Katherine Devillier, who, it will be remembered, collaborated recently in the Russian production, *Sorotchintsi Fair*.



Florence Read represents the "Anglo" part of the company. She is a native of Pretoria, and came to this country to complete her ballet studies. She has Spanish blood in her veins and is at her best in a spirited Spanish dance, "Goyesca"



Maria Sanina has on several occasions deputised for Alicja Halama. She has studied every part in the ballet, and can fill a gap in the company at a moment's notice without further rehearsal

"Matthew is Dead," a comic ballet based on Polish folk-lore. Alicja Halama laments over the body of Konarski. But Matthew is not dead. He springs to life when the dancing begins, thus typifying the resilient spirit of Poland

Standing By ...

(Continued)

blonde actually in battle, preferably sitting in pyjamas on a tank in Libya and cheering our lads to the attack. This has long been the *Daily Whoop's* policy for the war, to which the authorities continue to turn a deaf ear. Up to now, therefore, blondes have appeared in war films only at the base, or lurking in submarines and battleships, to be ejected when the Fleet sails. The feeling in Bloomsbury and Fleet Street is the ham-faced populace is bitter about this deprivation, whereas we doubt if the ham-faced populace cares a hoot either way, being sunk in apathy on the blonde question, as who isn't?

Now America is in the war something may be done about this, especially as Shirley Temple, among others, is an Honorary Colonel of some State Militia or other. To avoid cruelty to blondes a stuffed one could be dexterously substituted at zero hour, the majority of blondes being stuffed anyhow.

A film of this kind wouldn't stop the mob from yawning, maybe, but it would madly excite the Fleet Street boys, whom we love, and who must have their daily basinful of sensation or die. Not many die.

Lapse

VENTURING—in festive mood, we deduce—on a singularly indelicate topic, Auntie *Times's* Nature Correspondent informed his little readers that only female holly-trees bear berries, and that some hollies are hermaphrodite.

We don't think the *Times* is the place to discuss this sort of thing, any more than the immodest habits of oysters, which frequently change their sex, we understand. It shows an un-English tendency in the new editorial régime which the most abandoned would hardly dare to approve, or the least fastidious presume to eulogise. Mr. Geoffrey Dawson's retirement seems to have turned Printing House Square into a bagnio, if we may be frank. It is but a step from discussing the sex affairs of holly-trees to discussing (e.g.) the uses of that ceremonial knife of the priests of Attis, a relic

of Roman London, fished up under London Bridge and described by the modest British Museum authorities as "bronze, with deities of the week."

It is painful to have to censure the *Times*. We conceive it to be our duty, in the interests of that national characteristic of which the anonymous poet travelling in Italy sang so finely:

O! what can Music's voice bestow,
Or sculptur'd grace, or Titian glow,
To compensate the feeling mind
For BRITISH VIRTUE left behind!

Please let it never happen again, Mr. Barrington-Ward.

Lesson

THAT there is still a market for clean fiction is proved by the fact that the late Mr. Charles Pendlebury, author of the million-net-sale smash-hit *Arithmetic for Schools*, left £100,000.

There is no bloodshed, skulduggery, sexy brawling, double-crossing, or political or financial crookery among Mr. Pendlebury's principal characters, as we have remarked once before. As serious-minded as Eugene O'Neill's characters, but less cuckoo, malarial, and addicted to incest, so far as can be ascertained, they lead lives of typically British virtue and industry, like the Great Western Railway's motto. Yet; unlike Galsworthy's disgusting Forsytes, they are not coldblooded prigs and egotists; you feel that behind all that rivalry in pumping and digging and filling cisterns there is human kindness and mutual respect. If Mrs. C, for example, is heartbroken because C has been beaten again by A, who can pump one and one-third times as fast as C and D together, one feels A is quite likely to call after dinner (roast beef, apple tart) and stroke her hand. But C will not find them kissing, and C will never be described by his friends at parties as that poor old cuckoldry cistern-filling flop.

Observe also that A, B, C, and D never use that tough language of which Mr. Belloc lately remarked that it often tends to offend those who, though vicious, are refined. It's difficult to explain Mr. Pendlebury's success, but there seems to be a lesson in it for young literary aspirants, if they insist, alas, on plunging madly into the booksy racket.

Acc

IT'S no use (an old boulevardier informs us regretfully) our crying for a Boneless Wonder, among other hot vaudeville numbers, to put some vim into the B.B.C. Brains Trust show. The one and only Boneless Wonder died some years ago.

He was, as we ought to have remembered, Valentin the Boneless, Valentin-le-Désossé, star turn of the Moulin Rouge, can-can partner of La Goulue and Grille d'Egout; a grotesque, macabre figure who danced nightly for twenty years without salary, for pure love of his art, kept a grocer's shop all day, was painted by Toulouse-Lautrec, and flourished his long rubbery black-clothed limbs on the stage with serious, sinister verve, like a dancing gargoyle, or some wild nightmare out of *Gaspard de la Nuit*. Valentin the Boneless left no successor, which is a pity; just that added touch of the fantastic-macabre is what the Brains Trust needs, in our ignoble view. That highpitched donnish giggling already strikes a pretty sinister note, like bathnight at the Old Seraglio, Stamboul, in the days of Abdul the Damned, and we don't mean those moonfaced beauties either.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Old Bill: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"Yus, two tanks, chargin' each other 'ead on! Wonderful! . . .
No; sorry, Sir, it's a couple o' flies"

Fighter Pilot Portraits

By Captain Cuthbert Orde



Acting Group-Captain Harry Broadhurst, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., recently awarded a bar to his D.S.O., has led his wing with conspicuous gallantry. In June 1941, in a scrap over France, though wounded and for a time unconscious, he brought his shattered plane safely back to England, and in a few days was again leading his wing in attacks on Northern France. He has set an example worthy of the highest traditions of the R.A.F.

Wing-Commander Stanford Tuck, D.S.O., D.F.C., received in July 1941 a second bar to his D.F.C. With Wing-Commander Malan and Group-Captain Broadhurst, he is now in America. He commanded the famous Hurricane Fighter Squadron, which was adopted by Burma, which took part in the great air battle over England in September 1940, when 185 enemy aircraft were destroyed in a day. He has himself brought down at least 27 Italian and German planes.



Wing-Commander A. C. Malan, D.S.O., D.F.C., is one of the R.A.F. officers with special experience of active service in fighters and bombers now attached to the United States Air Force. A South African, he was the first airman to win bars to both D.S.O. and D.F.C., and has destroyed thirty-five enemy machines, and damaged many others. His portrait and that of Wing-Commander Stanford Tuck, by Captain Orde, have been bought by the Ministry of Information.



Wing-Commander Douglas Bader, D.S.O., D.F.C., the famous legless pilot, baled out of his burning aircraft over France in August, and is now a prisoner of war. He was recently awarded bars to both his D.S.O. and D.F.C. One of the most indomitable airmen of all time, Wing-Commander Bader has led sweep after sweep across the Channel and Northern France, and is believed to have shot down over 15 Nazis. His fine leadership was the cause of many of his squadron's victories.



Down the garden path on a warm winter's morning, Master Hugh takes his morning constitutional. His mother is wheeling the pram in the garden of Greens Old Farm, a lovely old farmhouse at Bucklebury Common which has been modernised without losing any of the charm of mellow old age

A Future Grenadier

The Name of Hugh Francis John Davies, Six-Months-Old Son of Lt.-Col. Thomas Davies, Grenadier Guards, and the Hon. Mrs. Davies, Has Already Been Entered on the Register of Future Officers of the Grenadiers

From the old stable door, the soldier-to-be looks out on the strange world beyond



The Happiest Hour of the Day in

On July 11th, 1941, Hugh Francis John Davies was born. His mother, the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Davies, was formerly Miss Eileen Brougham and is a sister of Lord Brougham and Vaux. She married in 1940 Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Davies, whose father, General Sir Francis John Davies, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., was with the Grenadiers in the Sudan in '85 and South Africa in '99. These photographs were taken at Greens Old Farm, Bucklebury Common, where Colonel and Mrs. Davies were staying. They are now at Elmley Castle, in Worcestershire, the home of General Sir Francis Davies



Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Latest Portrait : Hugh Francis John Davies



the Life of Master Hugh is the Playtime With His Mother in the Early Hours of the Evening

"Lady, Here's Your Wreath"

danced by

Jeanne Ravel,

Alpine Climber, Pupil of Dalcroze
and Headmaster's Sister



Portrait Study: Jeanne Ravel

In private life, Jeanne is Mrs. Ronnie Boyer, formerly Miss Jeanne Gaunt. Jeanne comes from a family of athletic achievement. Her brother, H. C. A. Gaunt, who is now headmaster of Malvern, got his hockey blue and tennis half-blue when he was up at King's College, Cambridge. She herself is an expert skier and figure skater and is a racing driver of some merit. Racing from an engagement at Ciro's in London to another at the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo, Jeanne was ten hours at the wheel on a Route Nationale 5. She averaged 59 miles an hour. Jeanne's sister, Merial Gaunt, is the ballerina in *Babes in the Wood* at the Stoll. And here another of Jeanne's many talents makes itself evident, for she has designed several of the dresses which Merial is wearing in the show. One of Jeanne's strangest—and most amusing to recall—experiences was in 1938, when she and Ronnie were dancing in Bucharest. Jeanne was approached by a famous European impresario who, having watched her dance, asked if she would organise a ballet to be performed in Hitler's honour on his triumphant entry into London in 1939 or 1940! Needless to say, Jeanne indignantly refused to be associated in any way with such an idea



Photographs by Anthony



The smile with which Jeanne acknowledges the applause of her audience has been caught by the camera for the first time in the photograph above



For seven years the names of Boyer and Ravel have been known throughout Europe and South America as synonymous with a dancing team of exceptional good looks, charm and skill. They belonged to a husband-and-wife partnership, Ronnie Boyer and Jeanne Ravel. Together Ronnie and Jeanne have danced in Paris, Vienna, Monte Carlo, Bucharest, Rome, Budapest. They toured South America and one of their greatest successes was at the Casino da Urca in Rio de Janeiro. Ronnie is now a leading cox on M.T.B. patrol somewhere in the North Atlantic, and Jeanne, for the first time, is dancing alone. In *Get a Load of This*, at the Hippodrome, Jeanne has two solo numbers, "Lady, Here's Your Wreath" and "The Circus Parade." In "Tahiti Rendezvous" she dances with American George Gray. Something of the speed and beauty of Jeanne's movements has been caught by Gordon Anthony's camera

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Kipling

KIPLING's poetry re-reads magnificently to-day. Most of us have grown up with his works—to an extent, perhaps, we take him for granted; he may be talked about more than he is read. Or, it may be that English people have absorbed much of Kipling into their unconscious make-up—he is an institution; we hardly criticise him. But good work of any age, whether in prose or verse, does ask for criticism: it is its due.

Each generation of readers, by bringing up their own feeling and point of view, can add something to the life of a classic. And Kipling's works are classics—the most unquestionably *English* of English classics of the last fifty years. His stories, for obvious reasons—their interest, their picturesqueness, their excitement-value, their extraordinary range from uproarious humour to stark tragedy—are not likely to be overlooked. About his poetry people feel more doubtful. Some think of it merely as rhymed journalese. Others suspect it as being propaganda—and propaganda for causes long out of date. Others, again, mistrust its seductive sing-song, or its too easy emotional appeal.

So it is high time that Kipling's poetry should be presented to us, not so much in a new, but in its own original light. And to-day is the very time that this should be done. That Mr. T. S. Eliot should have undertaken this task may at first seem surprising and rather piquant.

Mr. Eliot has been labelled a very high-brow poet; Kipling an exceedingly low-brow one. The work of these two men has been taken to represent extremes; their two different kinds of feeling might be taken to be as incompatible as their subjects are unlike. What Kipling thought of Mr. Eliot is not—I believe—on record. What Mr. Eliot thinks of Kipling we now have the chance to know. *A Choice of Kipling's Verse*, made by T. S. Eliot, with an Essay on Rudyard Kipling, has been published by Faber and Faber at 8s. 6d. Two aspects of the selection, as one reads through it, become clear: it is the work not only of our greatest poet-critic, but of an honest lover of Kipling's verse.

Verse and Poetry

FOR it is as a great verse-writer, rather than as a questionably great poet, that Mr. Eliot

appreciates Kipling. To arrive at the distinction between verse and poetry, you should go direct to the introductory Essay.

Mr. Eliot's contention is that verse is a thing in itself with its own standards, not merely poetry that has not made the grade. In one sense, poetic feeling is present in everything Kipling wrote: the stories are full of it—hence their deep-down appeal. The strangeness and power of his imagination made almost everything Kipling touched live. Kipling did not (the Essay shows) attempt and fail to write poetry; he deliberately used his temperament and his forceful perceptions to make verse.

Mr. Eliot suggests that whereas the poet is always primarily interested (or worked upon) by himself, by his own reactions to any subject, the verse-writer is more interested, or worked upon, by his subject than he is by himself. He is, in fact, more impersonal, less self-conscious.

No sign of self-analysis is present in anything Kipling wrote. He transferred his excitements of feeling direct to paper—and thus, direct to the reader. He is, accordingly, never at all obscure. Mr. Eliot points out that this very lack of



Mrs. Edward G. Benn Harlip

Mrs. E. G. Benn is the Public Relations Officer of the Women's Voluntary Services for Civil Defence. She is the wife of Captain E. G. Benn, Adjutant of a Battalion of the East Surrey Regiment. Captain Benn is the second son of Sir Ernest Benn, Bart., and in peacetime is a publisher, like his father. Captain and Mrs. Benn have one little daughter, Elizabeth, who was born in 1936. They live at Woldingham, in Surrey

obscurity may have served, these days, to bring Kipling down in the world—it is one

of the paradoxes of taste that, while people often resent a "difficult" poet, they as often patronise a too easy one. But it is just this immediacy of Kipling's feeling, what one might call his lack of poetic delay, that makes him first-rate in his verse about men in action.

The story element is, in most cases, there. Mr. Eliot praises him first as a ballad writer—and the selection shows his ballads his finest work. They have drama and swing. The experimental nature of Kipling's writing, and hence its ever-freshness, is also brought to the fore. He used one form, then another—and these were always forms that his different subjects seemed, by their different natures, to dictate to him. In form in itself he had not the poet's interest.

All aspects of Kipling, and all types of his verse, are present in this selection. For instance, there are the hymns: the "Recessional" is the best known, but the 1914 hymn, "For All We Have and Are," might, in its sombre and inspiring grandness, have been written for us to-day: it should still be sung. The English war-feeling in it is of all time. . . The

(Concluded on page 22)

Caravan Canserie

By Richard King

CHRISTMAS now lies comfortably behind us. I write "comfortably" because the conventionalities of Christmas have become so onerous that, in the midst of rushing desperately to fulfil them, I came to the conclusion that there is much to be said in favour of Easter!

Everybody, of course, went about declaring that this year Christmas wouldn't be like Christmas at all. After adolescence it never is. In fact, it always appears to me that, as a festival, Christmas is an overrated thanksgiving. There is so much to do about it beforehand that when the day dawns you feel too stale to do anything at all.

In wartime especially is it a makeshift affair, and makeshifts of conviviality are always a sore trial to the pristine goodwill. In peacetime people ate too much. Now, although the walls of Oddy-upon-Wem announce four Gorgeous Christmas Pantomimes within easy train distance, there isn't a Christmas turkey to be seen. Not even a Christmas rabbit. Not even an unheralded egg! No matter. (All the same, it is rather difficult to forget about the war with something on your plate which "eats" remarkably like horse.)

A few misguided friends invited me to dine with them in public restaurants, which they suggested would be jolly. Crackers, you know; a band; streamers and balloons, bunches of too-obvious mistletoe—and all that. I shuddered

inwardly at the thought. A few equally misguided relations hinted that it would make Christmas just like it used to be if we all spent it together. But I knew what that would mean. The quick and the dead passed through the sieve of idle recollection; much shaking of heads, a few tears, and an implied wonder, unexpressed in words, as to which among us might be among the dead—this time next year. Well, I can easily imagine a pleasanter entertainment than that. Indeed, I found it.

Each man to his fancy, whenever life gives him the chance, is my motto. My Christmas fancy was to spend the day alone. I enjoyed myself in my own way, and that is the only way anybody ever does enjoy himself; dull though it may appear to outsiders. A lonely Christmas is by no means my idea of hell.

When you are not as young as your older contemporaries pretend—a subtle self-suggestion that they are still youngish themselves—nor as old as the very young consider you must be, it is pleasant to be alone in company with your own thoughts and memories and to let them wander where they will. Thus I spent my Christmas Day. In the morning my annual visit to Cranford; in the afternoon a brief sojourn with Emma, and in the evening a glorious submerging of my troubled soul in Tchaikovsky's Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Symphonies. And it seemed to me my Christmas Day was a green oasis of peace and beauty.

Mrs. Peter Luling and Virginia Rose

A Well-Known Novelist and Her
Youngest Daughter



"Peep-bo" is a Grand Game for
a Two-year-old

Mrs. Peter Luling is known to many thousands of readers as Sylvia Thompson, the author of *The Hounds of Spring*. Her husband, Mr. Peter Luling, was working with Mr. Duncan Miller on interior decoration just before the war, and is now at the War Office. They have three daughters, Rosemary, aged fourteen, Elizabeth, twelve, and two-year-old Virginia Rose. Miss Thompson's latest novel, *The Gulls Fly Inland*, was published recently, and another, *Change for Paradise*, is due in the spring. Before the war the Peter Lulings lived in Venice at the Palazzo Vendramin

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Right: *A Cup of Soup is a Much More Serious Proposition*



A Ballet Fan at Two

Virginia's favourite toys are the ballet settings made for her by sister Rosemary, who was away at school when these photographs were taken. These intricate settings are beautifully made and Rosemary deserves special praise for her skill



With Silent Friends

(Continued)

effect, I should imagine, of this selection will be to send readers back to search through the rest of the verse. Here, old favourites alternate with the less well known of Kipling's experiments. Mr. Eliot indicates what he has liked himself—and he makes us want to embark on our own rediscoveries. Those who think they do not like Kipling may think again, and those who do like him may understand *why* they do.

The Bad Times

I HAVE been lucky enough to read, this week, two novels that gave me solid and thorough pleasure—two that come into the class of books one cannot put down. The scene of the first is the south of Ireland; the second is set in an English East Coast town.

Miss M. J. Farrell's *Two Days in Aragon* (Collins; 8s.) has not only striking characters and tense plot; it has an atmosphere you could cut with a knife. Consequently, it puts a spell on you. And the beautiful house Aragon, at its height over the wide, smooth-flowing river, with its woods, its silences, and its approaching doom, can be felt to put on its people its own spell. Many Irish country houses—isolated, with long traditions behind them—are like little kingdoms: this is true of Aragon.

Charming, vague Mrs. Fox and her two daughters, last of an old family, live here. The time is 1920—"the bad times." The uneasiness of that time in Ireland, though also much of its minor comedy, is to be felt at every turn of the page. The course of true love, for Sylvia and Grania Fox, runs less smooth than ever because of the threat from outside events. Sylvia, the elder, loves discreetly and "suitably"; Grania with an at once childish and elemental defiance of both convention and fate.

Everything happens in two days: it is spring. The crazy (but deeply moving) old

Aunt Pidgie is closely guarded by the implacable and majestic Nan—whose tie with the Fox family is deeper than at first appears. Nan's son and Grania's lover, the young farmer Foley O'Neill, is hero-worshipped by his school-girl cousin, Doatie—whom love renders intrepid in spite of a loss of nerve. Doatie's mother, with her endless, emphatic talk and her passion for new hats, is as strongly drawn as the others—which says much. Miss Farrell shows Irish genius both in her sense and her portrayal of character; and in this book there are no "types": several people are frightening; all of them are unique. I love to see character drawn in a big way, both with humour and a hint of smouldering fire. Here there are many passions, besides the passion of love.

Two Days in Aragon gains much of its power from its author's awareness of things and scenes. I know no one, for instance, who writes better than Miss Farrell about rooms, flowers, times of day, clothes and food. (The big-windowed drawing-room over the river haunts one.) Her style is at once crisp and sensuous—and she can convey aroma. Her dialogue has a vitality and a truthfulness of idiom that does not lapse—it is by use of dialogue, as much as by description, that she creates her sometimes Balzacian figures.

Though so much—and much that is tragic—happens at Aragon in the course of the book, the routine, the timeless element of the house is made felt: all this calmness of habit makes violence stranger still. There are horses—but not too many—tennis parties, a delicious dinner (torment to read of in these days), a lamplit evening at Aragon. These have a background of dark doings up in the mountains, at lonely inns. Also, scandal threatens. . . . I imagine no one will fail to love dear, fat, wholehearted, impossible Grania.

Seaside

I LOVE to be beside the seaside, even in a book, so I was glad of Miss Stella Gibbons's choice of her scene in *The Rich House* (Longmans; 8s.). I was also impressed, as

well as delighted, by the novel itself. It seems to me the best that she has written—and I expect a good deal of her.

Seagate residents—not the summer trippers—are the cast of *The Rich House*. A few—most notably mild Mrs. Pask and the once-famous Mr. Archibald Early—are old; the majority are young, in their twenties, and suffering in different ways from their youth. When I say "suffering," I do not imply that Marjorie and Pauline, Ted, Eric and Brian do not have a good time: residential Seagate is gay—with hotels to dance at, a repertory theatre, a prosperous tennis club and a range of cafés and bars. They *do* have a good time—but they have their worries and pains. Delicately and wisely, Miss Gibbons sums her young people up. She is one of the few writers who can treat youth with loving irony rather than mockery. She remembers just what one felt—and how much it hurt, but also what wild elations one had. She puts youth, for us, in the right (instead of the wrong) grown-up perspective. In the long run, everything was worth while.

It is hard to say why this novel about young people falling in and out of love, working and playing, should be so distinguished. Like Miss Farrell, Miss Gibbons has a great feeling for social atmosphere: all her details seem to me correct. Also, she is great on places: her Seagate is the essence of one kind of English seaside town—with its prim, still roads and its windy shore. Her very individual sense of beauty leads her to make all sorts of discoveries. Nothing she writes about stays banal.

It would have been easy for her to have laughed at her young people—who are naïve enough in the long run, and often unwillingly comic—but instead she arranges that they command our respect. Pauline held my heart from the first page—when she did *not* want to walk past the Bristol Hotel. Ted Early—of "the Rich House" (his grandfather's)—is an unexpected winner: he starts one mass of pose, but unlike the "tedious and cruel" Brian, Ted knows how and when to laugh at himself. Eric, with his awkward, amorous troubles, embarrassed himself so much that he also embarrassed me. Dear blonde Marjorie, with her good advice, uncertain tact and hopes all set on the theatre, is a lamb. I was also deeply impressed by Reenie and Mrs. Voles (lower down in the social grade) and their eating-habits. As for the Rich House itself, controlled by the cryptic Louise, it is as rich inside as the best plum-cake. . . . I look forward to reading *The Rich House* again—soon.

A Bad Deal

POOR Kitty Lake, appointed victim for murder in *Knife in the Dark* (by G. D. H. and Margaret Cole: Crime Club; 8s.), seemed to me to get, from the start, a singularly bad deal. In the first place, she should not have married a don. In the university town of Stamford she could not but turn out a trouble-maker. And war conditions showed her up at her worst: her existing penchant for undergraduates becomes extended to Air Force officers—at the same time, she could not tolerate refugees, and these were her serious husband's principal interest. Kitty, meeting her bad end at a ball, leaves behind her a pretty kettle of fish. Mild but shrewd old Mrs. Warrender takes a hand. . . .

This is not only a mystery up to the Cole standard; it is an excellent picture of a university town in wartime—apparently, far from comfortable.



The Brains Trust Hold a Christmas Luncheon Party

To celebrate a successful year in office, during which their fan mail has grown from fifteen letters to thousands a week, the Brains Trust held a Christmas luncheon party at their last meeting before the holiday. Some of the guests are seen above. Fougasse of "Punch," whose M.O.I. posters have delighted thousands and at the same time driven home a most essential lesson of national reticence, Commander Campbell, Dr. Malcolm Sargent, Donald McCulloch, Howard Thomas (standing), Professor C. E. M. Joad and (back view) Tommy Woodruffe

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Maddocks — Colville

Lieut. Clifford John Maddocks, R.N.V.R., only son of the late Mr. John Maddocks, of Rhymney House, Mon., and of Mrs. Maddocks, married Dorothy Colville, widow of Captain F. J. Colville, at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Fane, of 24, Dawson Place, W.



Henderson — Mallet

Mr. Ralph Gunning Henderson, Foreign Office, only son of the late Mr. E. W. Henderson, land of Mrs. Henderson, of Argentina, and Mollie Mallet, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Mallet, of la Corona, El Jabali, Argentina, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Dreyer — Hughes

Lieut. J. F. R. Dreyer, R.N., elder son of Major-General J. T. Dreyer, of Orchard Hill, Liss, Hants., married Third Officer H. N. Hughes, W.R.N.S., at Holy Trinity, Brompton. She is the younger daughter of Mr. R. I. Hughes, of Coed Helen, Caernarvon, Wales



Swabe

O'Brien — Beatty

Sq.-Leader Peter Geoffrey George O'Brien, D.F.C., son of Group-Captain and Mrs. G. S. O'Brien, of Toronto, Canada, married Edith Jean Beatty, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty, of Toronto, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields



Milligan — Cassavetti

Capt. Wyndham Macbeth Moir Milligan, Scots Guards, son of Dr. W. Anstruther Milligan and of the late Mrs. Milligan, of 11, Upper Brook Street, W., was married to Helen Penelope Eirene Cassavetti, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Cassavetti, of Colmore, Bicester, Oxon., at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street



Firth — Dreyfus

Raymond Hugh Francis Firth, Grenadier Guards, son of Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Douglas Firth, of 18, Manchester Square, W., and Valli Victoria Dreyfus, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Dreyfus, of the Grove, Prince's Way, Wimbledon Park, were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

Lieut. Desmond William Piers, R.C.N., married the Hon. Mrs. Janet Aitken in Canada. She is the daughter of Professor Murray Macneill, of Dalhousie University Nova Scotia, and Mrs. Macneill



Piers — Aitken

(Continued on page 26)

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Another Crime Passionel?

VON RÖHME was the victim of the first one, and a good many people are now wondering who is to be the next. Von Röhm was not killed for purely political reasons.

How the other officers of the Imperial General Staff are going to react to the assumption of the supreme direction by "Von" Hitler—a man who, during his distinguished military career, rose to the exalted rank of a full corporal, and was for part of his service a batman, it will be interesting to watch. Anyone who knows the Junker type of German officer, to which most of the German General Staff belong, will not have very much doubt as to the attitude which will be assumed. Anyway, the betting would seem to be about 2 to 1 on another *crime passionel* in the very near future.

"He Wins Upon Paper"

THE next line in Adam Lindsay Gordon's famous poem is "He hasn't yet won upon turf." That is intended to convey that a paper performance might be what is called for brevity's sake N.B.G.

At this moment, however, a performance "upon paper" counts for a heck of a lot, and it cannot be too often or too strongly emphasised that we are all concerned in seeing to it that we *do* "win upon paper." It is up to Gay Lothario to contribute even the most incriminating documents to the general store, and he can do so (at least, so I am assured upon the best possible

authority) without a shiver or a qualm, because of the existing gentleman's agreement that they shall not at any time be produced in evidence against him.

The same rule, I understand, applies to any letters written in an overwrought, and perhaps, indiscreet moment to any walk-out who might at any time have inspired him to literary erotics. I feel that Lothario may be heartened by such news as this, and he can be certain that it is true to the very last letter. "Pulp to pulp" should be our slogan!

Roll, Bowl or Pitch

WE are told by some people that, at a moment when so deadly a game of roll, bowl or pitch is going forward elsewhere, it is quite wrong of us even to think of the less deadly kind—steeplechasing. I agree: but only up to a point, because steeplechasing is such a first-class discipline for anyone in the art of keeping his head, especially when things are particularly bad. It is a tremendous moral training if only we pause to think it over.

What does anyone do, whose heart is not the size of a pea, when he gets a real peach of a fall—teeth loose, mouth full of bleed, head singing like a kettle and the accursed sting of a broken bone and the seasick feeling that goes with it? He gets aboard again, if they've caught his horse, or he has not let go of him, and carries on before the sore spots have time to get cold.

People who have had thousands of falls—and some I know can count up to the four

figures—do not permit even a real bad one to knock any of the ginger out of them: in fact, the reverse is often the case, for it gives them an extra shot of combativeness, and the sight of blood sends some people fighting drunk. A happy state, I think, for it leaves no head behind it and there is no appreciable hang-over. Nec aspera terrent: and they won't, if you don't let them!

No High-class Jumpers?

OUR cautious and clever friend, "Augur," of the *Sporting Life*, says that there are no 'chasers of real class on offer at the moment—at least, none of the same class as Golden Miller, Easter Hero and, I suppose also, Cloister, Manifesto, Sergeant Murphy, etc. He may be right; yet Bogskar, winner of the last Grand National run at Aintree (1940), must be a pretty good class horse, since his time—9 min. 20 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.—was only the fractions slower than Golden Miller's record time in 1934. It is quite true that Bogskar had only 10 st. 4 lb., whereas Golden Miller had 12 st. 2 lb.; but this apart, Bogskar surely must be allowed to be in the sixth form? He had a very good field behind him—Mac Moffat, Royal Danieli (fell), who I thought would have won in 1939 but for a very unlucky fall at Becher's the first time round; Symæthis, who was fourth; Kilstar, who ran a bit sour, so I thought.

There will be no Aintree while this war is on, and as there is more in the horses-for-courses theory than some of us may be prepared to admit, Bogskar may not find a play-ground to suit him. There are other horses, however, which, even if they are not Golden Millers, may be pretty good. Teme Willow, for instance, Sir Edward Hanmer's honest tradesman. He has won over Cheltenham this season and been knocking at the door several times. If there were a Grand National this year, I think I should like to have him battling on my side.

There are Red Rower, Savon, Paladin, Dominick's Cross, Kilstar and Roman Hackle, who may not yet be quite as they



D. R. Stuart

Oundle School XV: 1941-42 Season

Oundle have defeated Rugby and Stowe, drawn with Uppingham and lost to Haileybury and Bedford. L. to r.: Touch judge, M. W. Williams, D. C. Fontannaz, N. R. Graesser, W. D. Sharp, J. S. Maitland, M. A. Glennie. Sitting: P. P. Wilson, S. Y. Dawbarn, J. H. Rhodes, J. H. Hartridge (capt.), J. H. Tate, J. L. Donovan, T. J. Walker. On ground: W. H. Milligan, L. G. Gloag



R.A.F. Players on the Field

Pilot-Officer W. Knight, the Auckland Club forward, and Pilot-Officer R. Rankin, an Australian Test player who used to be centre three-quarter for New South Wales, are playing for the R.A.F.



D. R. Stuart

R.N. Players Outside the Pavilion

Sub-Lieut. G. H. Hollis, R.N.V.R., the Oxford Blue, has been playing wing three-quarter for the Navy recently. He is talking to Paymaster Lieut. J. K. Watkins, the Navy and England forward

want him (he was third in a two-mile pipe-opener at Worcester the other day), and there is Poet Prince (Gold Cup winner at Cheltenham in March of this year from Savon and Red Rower), and there is another one which I think may bring the money home oftener than he will let you down—The Uplifter, owned by an old friend in Leicestershire of so many of us, Mr. Brose Clark. He may not be top class, but he is a lot more than just useful, and many people liked the look of him when he finished sixth in that three-mile 'chase at Cheltenham on December 6th which Savon won from Teme Willow and Kilstar. Symæthis was also there.

On the good old principle that it is always prudent to remember a horse's best performance, I would recall that on February 22nd last year The Uplifter, with 11 st. 3 lb., divided Savon, with 12 st., and Symæthis, with 11 st. 5 lb., in the three mile Tewkesbury 'Chase. So I suggest that, even if we have no Manifesto, there may still be one or two good ones about. However, if we go on talking horse like this we shall forget the war!

Russia's Cavalry

SIR ROBERT GOWER, chairman of the R.S.P.C.A., has received through the British Government a request from the Soviet Union for £40,000 worth of veterinary supplies for the Russian cavalry and other Army horses. Sir Robert says that the R.S.P.C.A. mean to raise £100,000, and he believes, and, I think, rightly, that everyone who has realised what fine work the Russian horsed cavalry, of which there are many divisions, have done, will help to achieve this most praiseworthy ambition.

Besides her cavalry, Russia has a very large number of transport animals in the field, and knowing how this must have suffered during Russia's magnificent *recueillement pour mieux sauter*, I am sure everyone will back it up. At times it must have been impossible for the Russian Army to retreat at its own pace, and hence the impossibility of conserving the necessary supply depôts. In this counter-offensive, which is now going so well, help for all this horsed force must be badly needed, hence Sir Robert Gower's appeal. Good luck to it!

A Poet in Transjordan

A CHARMING little collection of verses by Major R. Wingate Charlton, formerly 8th Hussars, now seconded to the Transjordan Frontier Force, called by some (most disrespectfully) "The Catch 'Em Alive," reaches me as a very welcome Christmas present. The author is particularly modest about his literary child, and unduly so, I think, for some of the poems have distinct merit, whatever may be said of others by some unsympathetic critics (brother officers, I should judge, by what he says in his short preface!). The best of the collection is "The Castle of Kaukab El Hawa" ("Star of the Wind"), from which I purloin these few lines:

Pale mauve ran into crimson;
The gold fused with the red;
And turquoise turned amethyst
Behind the high peak's head.
Black as the Prince of Darkness
Against the setting sun.

Writing verses in the part of the world in which the author is serving, is something of an achievement, if you think it out, but we never know in what strange places the Muse may elect to smite her lyre. The little book is printed in Palestine by the "Achdut" Co-operative Press, Tel Aviv.



A Battalion Durham Light Infantry

(Front row) Captain D. E. White; Lieut. and Q.M. A. E. Love; Captain V. H. Jackson; Majors P. B. Robinson, J. C. Slight; the Commanding Officer; Captain and Adjutant H. Scot-Batey; Major W. Robinson; Captains J. R. Scott, F. Beedom, F. May. (Second row) Captains A. P. Hawthornthwaite, C. R. Goulden; Lieut. J. W. Robinson; 2nd Lieuts. G. Campion, H. Thackray, G. Beattie, R. Pollard; Lieuts. M. H. Jackson, A. C. Young; Captain W. McKenna, R.A.M.C. (Third row) Lieut. G. F. Pettinger; 2nd Lieut. T. H. Thomas; Lieut. K. N. Wood; 2nd Lieut. N. E. Ince; Captain J. Heskins; 2nd Lieut. J. L. Kennedy; Lieut. A. C. Hartnell; 2nd Lieuts. E. Hooper, H. E. Townes. (Back row) 2nd Lieuts. R. Girdwood; P. O. Johnson, D. N. Forster, G. E. Lewis, L. E. V. Rumble, J. Sparks, A. H. Braggs; Lieut. L. F. Davidson



Officers of a Battalion of the Northamptonshire Regiment

R. Holloway

(Front row) Captains E. A. Pashley, B. G. A. Measures; Major R. K. McMichael, T.D.; the Commanding Officer; Majors W. V. Hart, M.C., F. R. Wilford; Captain D. H. Truckle. (2nd row) Captain B. C. T. Coote; Lieut. F. A. Norton; 2nd Lieuts. B. A. Smalley, E. N. Willets, F. N. W. Farrow; Lieuts. R. W. Cook, M. W. Hunt; 2nd Lieuts. W. E. Harris, W. H. Peet; Lieut. H. M. Knee; 2nd Lieut. M. C. Benett; Captain P. Harper, C.F. (3rd row) Lieuts. T. P. L. Villis, W. J. Sutton, P. McLoughlin; 2nd Lieuts. J. H. Andrews, M. J. Disney, G. Greditch, E. Grant, T. S. Knight. (Back row) 2nd Lieuts. H. A. Clarke, C. W. Couch; Lieuts. J. F. G. Adams, F. A. Major



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Battalion of the East Surrey Regiment Somewhere in England

(Front row) Captains J. M. G. Millard, R. C. Taylor, W. D. Caffyn; Major P. G. E. Hill; the Commanding Officer; Captain R. A. Lindsay (Adjutant); Major T. A. Buchanan; Captains R. A. N. Andrews, P. E. C. Andrews. (Middle row) 2nd Lieut. E. R. Cecil; Lieut. P. S. S. Heal; 2nd Lieuts. H. G. A. Willis, D. N. Burrows, J. A. H. Saunders; Lieut. K. N. Plater; 2nd Lieuts. N. Crampton, E. H. Studley. (Back row) 2nd Lieut. A. J. Cooper; Captain W. L. Paterson, R.A.Ch.D.; 2nd Lieuts. I. K. Geddes, P. Whiffen, G. B. Falkner, H. Crabtree, F. C. Hawkins

Getting Married (Continued)



Davis—Dimond

Lieut. J. C. Davis, R.A., was married to Pamela Dimond at West Dean Church, Chichester. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dimond, of Southernhay, West Broyle Drive, Chichester



Dobson—Hoyle

Major Anthony R. B. Dobson, Royal Corps of Signals, son of the late Lt.-Col. B. P. Dobson, and Mrs. Dobson, of White Stock Hall, Ulverston, married Christine Hoyle, daughter of the Rev. C. and Mrs. Hoyle, of Merlebank, Donnington, Newbury, at St. Nicholas' Church, Newbury



Boggon—Hartmann

Pilot-Officer Michael Gordon Boggon, R.A.F.V.R., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. N. Gordon Boggon, of Linkwood, Radlett, Herts., and Yvonne Marion Patricia Hartmann, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Raymond Hartmann, of 37, Grosvenor Sq., W., were married at St. George's, Hanover Sq.



Sword—Bevan

Flight-Lieut. John A. Sword, R.A.F.V.R., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Sword, of Heythrop, and Entre Rios, Argentina, and Pauline Marion (Polly) Bevan were married at St. Nicholas's Church, Heythrop. She is the elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. R. H. Bevan, of Heythrop, Oxon.



Lawrence—Dupree

Terence Patrick Lawrence, youngest son of the late Sir Walter Lawrence, of Hyde Hall, Sawbridgeworth, Herts., and Mary Marcella Dupree were married at Caxton Hall. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Dupree, of Rozedene, Hindhead



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Roberts—Fawcus

Pilot-Officer Rex Roberts married Diana Fawcus in London. She is a daughter of Lieut.-General Sir Harold Fawcus and Lady Fawcus, of 107, Warwick Road, S.W.



Cunningham—Grocock

Lieut. John Soudamore Cunningham, R.C.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Cunningham, of Victoria, Canada, married Irene Grocock, W.R.N.S., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Grocock, of 5, Courtfields Road, S.W., at St. Jude's Church, Collingham Gardens



James—Mackay

Lieut. Peter Maurice James, R.N., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. T. M. James, of Sutton Valence, Kent, married Rosemary Anne Mackay at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. She is the younger daughter of the late Mr. Ferrier Mackay and Mrs. Mackay, of Glencruitten, Oban, and la Rochelle, Lake Alfred, Florida, U.S.A.



Varian—Money *Johnson, Oxford*

Pilot-Officer Victor Varian, R.A.F.V.R., son of Dr. and Mrs. A. G. Varian, of Duncliffe, Totnes, Devon, married Betty Angel Money, W.R.N.S., daughter of Commander and Mrs. N. A. K. Money, of Paignton, Devon, at the Church of St. Edmund and St. Frideswide, Oxford

"Correct, sir?"



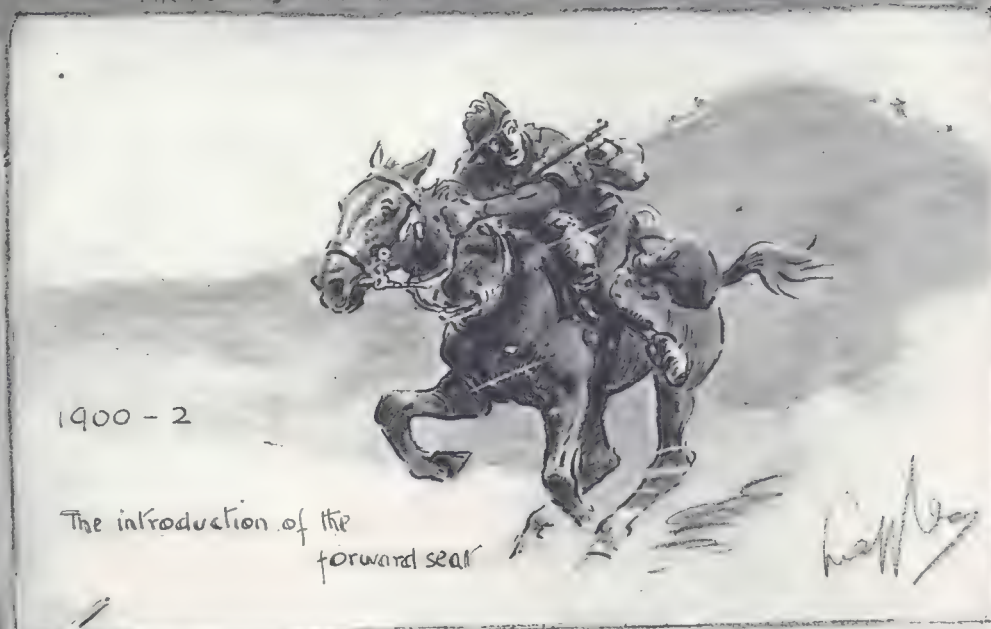


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there was Peace in the land and the Band played.



1914-18

De horsed and all the jam gone out of it



1900-2

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forward seat

W. B. Yeats



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By "Snaffles"

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Charter [★]

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A Gala Performance of "A Yank in the R.A.F." in Aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund

Viscount Cowdray went to the Gaumont Theatre, Haymarket, for the gala matinée of "A Yank in the R.A.F." Lord Cowdray, who was a Captain in the Gunners, was severely wounded while serving in France in 1940, and lost an arm

Air Marshal Philip Babington, Captain Harold Balfour, Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Air, and Lord Riverdale saw "A Yank in the R.A.F.", 20th Century-Fox Films' latest production, in which the Battle of Dunkirk is reconstructed. Lord Riverdale is the vice-chairman of the British Council

Lord Sherwood, the Additional Under-Secretary for Air, was also at the Gaumont. As Sir Hugh Seely, he was the Liberal M.P. for Berwick-on-Tweed, and was created a baron last year

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Autobomphs

PROFESSIONAL purveyors of horror, fully paid-up members of the flesh-creeping fraternity and all who specialise in spinal refrigeration have always been attracted by the idea of the planing-bomb, or real aerial torpedo. (The air-borne torpedo is not an aerial torpedo, any more than a bomb dropped by a Fleet Air Arm aircraft is a marine bomb.)

The idea of sending out hosts of explosive automata is as creep-creating as that of the boosted Japanese suicide squads and a great deal less silly. Such weapons would enable the bomber crews to ring the bell and run away.

The planing-bomb, or aerial torpedo, would be set and regulated, and then launched from an ordinary aeroplane, which could be far distant from the target. It would be a little explosive aeroplane and would straightway take up a pre-determined flight-path under the direction of its automatic pilot, and would fly towards the objective.

Its payload would be an explosive charge. In fact, as the naval torpedo is a semi-automatic, self-destroying submarine, so the aerial torpedo is a semi-automatic, self-destroying aeroplane.

The scheme is as old as the hills, and has been a tried and tested thrill-machine in boys' books down the ages. It has been revived lately in the technical Press in more serious form. Some time ago M. Rougeron wrote about this weapon, and adduced many facts and figures to show its potentialities.

At a station where I was in charge of the flying, we once did an experiment with an aerial torpedo in embryo (the nearest stage to actual use that I have heard of), but the thing did not know its own mind, and instead of taking up a suitable gliding angle and directing itself at the

target, it immediately went into a spin and fell into the sea.

I think we have to take it, however, that the aerial torpedo may be used in this war. We should prepare to meet it and defeat it as well as to use it, if the technique can be pushed that far. The obvious hook-up is with the radio-controlled aircraft. We might then have the semi-automatic, semi-controlled, self-destroying aeroplane.

Coaching for Combat

MYSTERIOUS training methods are often advocated as preparation for athletic contests and the variations are endless. But it is certain that what one coach says, another will contradict, and that success can be gained by two athletes trained in totally different ways.

The Japanese are intense about physical training both for athletic contests and for aviation. I remember their hundred-metre swimming team at the Olympic Games used to go through recondite deep-breathing exercises on the edge of the pool before the race.

There was some theory about building up the oxygen reserves. They were fine swimmers—the fastest in the world with the exception of the Americans. Afterwards they gave up this breathing exercise and merely relaxed before the start. I imagine that the Japanese air-pilots are prepared with as much care as their international swimming team. Probably before going up they line up and loosen up.

But these theories are not either supported or condemned by prejudice and obscurantism.

The only really tried and tested recipe for flying efficiency seems to be moderation in all things. That training plan could, I think, be proved good.

Tails or No Tails

THE birds of the air have tails; but the human aircraft designer has always shown a desire to bite off the tails of his machines. A good deal of flying has now been done by the latest tail-less design, the Northrop monoplane.

There are advantages when one first looks at the scheme; but whether they hold on close inspection is less certain. Chief among the advantages is the reduction in "wetted area," or the area of aircraft surface bathed by the outer air when the machine is in flight.

Drag is caused by the wetted area, and consequently speed is influenced by it. If you can pack your passengers inside the wing, and get rid of tail-plane, rudder, fin and elevator, you have reduced your wetted area, and are able to fly faster.

This was one of the advantages noted when the Hill series of tail-less machines were being flown. Probably most people remember one of them, for it appeared at the R.A.F. display.

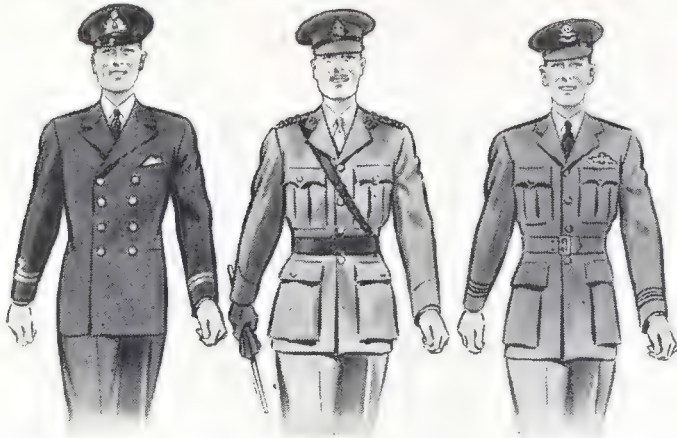
The snag, however, is control. Without rudder and elevator, control is more difficult to achieve in the same measure as we have got used to in the best modern aircraft.

The method used to obtain control—fore and aft and directional—in tail-less aeroplanes is to provide them with wing-tip control surfaces like ailerons, but in more elaborate form. These enable the pilot to pull the nose up or push it down, and to obtain the amount of yaw needed to go with bank on a given turn.

I do not think that even Northrop, who is an enthusiast for the type of machine and always has been, would claim the positive and complete control that can be obtained with the ordinary rudder and elevator.

Perhaps in this we may again go to the birds and take a hint from them. They manage to do without rudder and fin, but not without a tail. They get their control (in a manner curiously reminiscent of one of the 1913 Breguets, which had a tail mounted on a universal joint) by tilting and tipping their tail-planes which are also their elevators.

It seems to me that we might be able to do away with rudder and fin, and that an advantage would then be secured in reduction in wetted area, and that we might secure full control from a tail-plane furnished with two elevators which could be used differentially as well as in the ordinary manner. At any rate, the tail-less machine shows such persistence in reappearing that it is worth watching.



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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by M. E. BROOKE



"Dress does make a difference" and it is in anticipation of happier times that the frocks portrayed on this page have been created, and, although lovely, they are practical. It is at Marshall & Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, that the evening dress on the left may be seen. It is of white crêpe (it could be copied in black or cheerful colours if desired) embroidered in gold kid and diamanté. A white chiffon sari and mink coatée complete the scheme. These accessories may be bought separately, the sari, also the fur. As there is a decided vogue for frocks of ebony hue, it is not surprising that an infinite variety of these are assembled in this firm's salons. Again there are pastel tinted frocks suitable for the bride

Cheerful in colour and simple in line is this "slip-on" frock at Fortnum & Mason's, Piccadilly. It is robbed of all complicated fastenings. Lamé in the most beautiful colours has been used for its fashioning, and it is of such a character that it will remain undated indefinitely; this is an immense advantage in these days of "coupons." A feature is likewise made of pretty little crêpe frocks trimmed with embroidery. Maternity frocks have a special niche all to themselves; many are made of warm but light woollen materials relieved with velvet of a darker shade. In some Peter Pan collars and cuffs introduce a demure Quaker-like atmosphere. Again there are the quilted dressing wrappers and breakfast jackets for convalescent

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Stories from Everywhere

"PETERBOROUGH" tells this story in the *Daily Telegraph*:

"I've quite forgotten what it is I wanted," murmured the old lady in the chemist's shop. "Is the girl who always attends to me here? She might know what it is I want."

"No madam," said the manager, "I'm sorry to say we've had to sack her."

The old lady beamed.

"Ah, that's what I wanted—saccharine."

THE vicar stopped the village reprobate in the lane one morning:

"I was sorry to see you come out from the 'Red Lion' last night, John," he said, sadly.

"Aye," replied John, nodding his head sagely.

"I were sorry meself. But you do have to come out sometimes."

"DID I do any damage in that round?" the boxer asked his second.

"No," replied the second, in disgusted tones.

"But keep on swinging your arms about; he might catch a cold from the draught."

WISHING to give his Scotch steward a treat, a man invited him to London, and on the night after his arrival took him to an hotel to dine. During the early part of the dinner the steward was noticed to help himself very liberally to the champagne, glass after glass of the wine disappearing. Still he seemed very downhearted and morose. Presently he was heard to remark:

"Well, I hope they'll no' be verra long wi' the whisky, as I dinna get on verra weel wi' these mineral waters."

IT was the Englishman's first visit to Scotland, so while he waited for a train he began asking the porter questions.

"I suppose you have a provost in this town?" he asked.

"Aye," replied the porter.

"Does he have insignia like our mayors do?"

"Have what?"

"Insignia. Well, for instance, does he wear a chain!"

"A chain!" exclaimed the astonished porter. "Na, he gangs about loose. But dinna be feared o' him; he's quite harmless."

FROM a provincial newspaper:

"Reliable and hard-working clerk who is paid on Friday and is broke on Tuesday would like to exchange small loans with another who gets paid on Wednesday and is broke on Saturday."

THE A.I.F. were to start on a three-day route march. At breakfast they were served with spaghetti badly cooked.

"What do you think we are, Italians, expecting us to march on spaghetti?" complained a private.

"Well," retorted the cook, "the Italians can run on it pretty well!"

A WITNESS was being questioned during a charge of assault.

"You saw these men fighting," said the magistrate.

"Why didn't you go to the assistance of the defendant?"

"Well, sir," replied the witness, "at that time it was impossible to foresee which would be the defendant."

(Concluded on page 36)



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R.A.F. Benevolent Fund,

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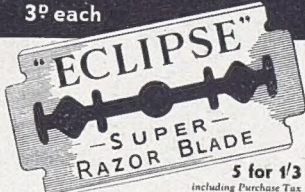
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Comdr. Gambell: "Yes, when I was at Carlisle the other day they told me they were producing more than ever (although so many of the Staff are away helping the National war effort), and sharing them between the Services and Shops. Excellent biscuits they are, too!"

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England has always been a "free country" but grandmother's mother would have been surprised at the spacious activities of girls in 1942. It was not "polite" when she was young to do a man's job—and it was not possible. Women were still largely restricted by natural disabilities. Tampax—sanitary protection worn internally—has changed all that. In doing so it has liberated women of today for the strenuous struggle for freedom; the task that allows no time for "off-days."

TAMPAX

REGD. TRADE MARK

worn internally

PRICES 7d. 1/2 & 1/9

NEW FAMILY PACK 40 FOR 6/-

Sold by BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES & TAYLORS, and other chemists, departmental stores, drapers, WOOLWORTH'S, MARKS & SPENCER LTD. and THE N.A.A.F.I.

For further information regarding Tampax please write to The Nurse, Tampax Ltd., Belvue Road, Northolt, Middlesex.

Bubble and Squeak (Continued from page 34)

It was 9 a.m. The door of the Park Avenue house opened and a smartly dressed man stepped out and started walking. He glanced over his shoulder and saw a tramp following him. He shrugged his shoulders. That man had been following him, rain or shine, every morning for the past six years.

After walking a short distance, Mr. Park Avenue entered a smart restaurant for his morning meal. Outside the tramp waited patiently, just as he had done for the past six years. Some thirty minutes later the prosperous-looking one left the restaurant and continued his walk, the tramp still following.

On the next corner the gentleman stepped into his favourite cigar store and purchased a cigar. He lighted it and continued on his way. The tramp was still behind him.

After a time Mr. Park Avenue paused. He extracted the cigar, now half gone, from his holder and dropped it into the gutter. This was the moment for which the tramp had been waiting. Exactly as he had done for the past six years, he rushed over and picked up the cigar butt.

Suddenly a frown darkened the tramp's face. He eyed the cigar and went swiftly over to the man who had bought the cigar.

"See here," he growled. "What are you pulling on me? For six years I've followed you every morning, and I've always been rewarded with a fifty-cent cigar butt." He pointed to the cigar in his hand. "But this," he went on, "is a cheap ten-cent cigar."

Mr. Park Avenue shrugged apologetically.

"I'm terribly sorry," he said softly. "My business is not what it should be these days, and I've had to cut down my expenses. I can no longer afford—"

The tramp waved an impatient hand.

"Never mind the explanations," he sneered as he flung the butt away, "from now on you and I are through!"

ALL through a dinner three of the guests, bridge demons, were worried about finding a fourth. They knew that most of the others present didn't play, and immediately after coffee it became apparent that their only hope rested in a woman unknown to the three of them. On being approached she said she had played, although not for quite a while, and was available if they really wanted her. They really did and a table was set up.

The unknown won the deal. She picked up the pack, hesitated, looked uncertainly at the other three, and then asked, brightly: "Now, do I deal all the cards?"



"What do you make of it, Bert?"

A CANDIDATE addressing his constituents was surprised by a voice which, calling from the back of the hall, said: "Well, I don't care what you say—I wouldn't vote for you if you were the angel Gabriel."

The candidate was ready for him.

"If I were the angel Gabriel," came the quick reply, "you wouldn't be in my constituency."

ACCORDING to a novelist, the average girl today is much cleverer than her mother. This is a poor outlook for modern bachelors when one reflects that the average mother is much too clever for father.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

JACQMAR

regret

that they are unable to hold the customary Sale of tweeds and silks owing to shortage of staff.

They are, however, allowing 10% DISCOUNT

off all purchases of FABRICS and SCARVES during the month of JANUARY.

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We refund carriage and make offer per return

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All Riding Requisites—good value and low charges

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Jodhpurs 34/- to 90/-
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Ready to Wear

Jodhpurs 45/- 55/- 70/-
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Goods sent on approval against suitable refs.

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Two minutes from the Marble Arch

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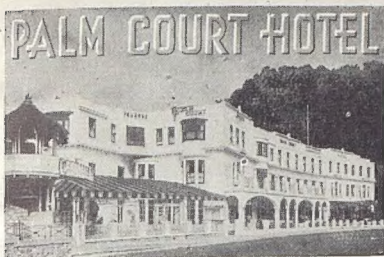
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the sun shines
longer!*

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COUGHS & SNEEZES
SPREAD DISEASES**

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The Magic Drop

**WILL STOP
THAT COLD**

USE VAPEX at the first sign of a cold and it will be cleared promptly and safely. Breathing VAPEX removes the stuffiness by penetrating to the source of the infection—the warm recesses of the nose and throat—where it destroys the breeding germs.

If you have let your cold develop, VAPEX will shorten the attack, ease the breathing and clear the bronchial passages.

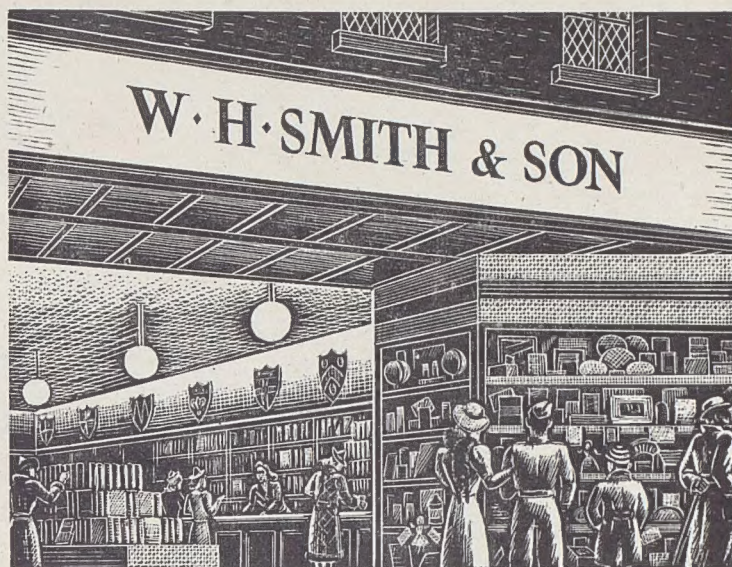
A drop on your handkerchief

Simply sprinkle a 'magic drop' of VAPEX on your handkerchief and breathe deeply from it frequently during the day. At night put a drop on the end of your pillow. All symptoms of your cold will soon be gone.

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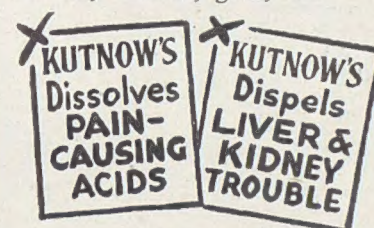


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to have this *Anglepoise*
... they're so scarce now"

Until happier days return, we are sorry to say TERRY'S ANGLEPOISE LAMPS will be very scarce. They are playing their part elsewhere—which explains their scarcity. Until then you must patiently wait for this wonderful lamp which has revolutionised indoor lighting in pre-war days ... taking any one of 1,001 positions or angles—and holding it, at a finger touch, throwing a clear shadowless light on the book, object or work—not in the user's eyes. A wonderful saver of eyestrain, a luxurious necessity. Patented all countries.

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